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THE NATION

JANUARY 29, 1968 35 cents

Johnson's Problem

THE IMAGE IS THE ISSUE

TED LEWIS

The Draft as Punishment

TRIAL BY HERSHEY

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Thieu and Ky

The Rivalry of Puppets

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LETTERS

restoring the alternative

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: I agree very much with Eldon Kenworthy's conclusion [in "Calculus for '68"; *The Nation,* Jan. 8] that the only feasible way to change our present policies in Vietnam to a course with greater possibilities for ending this conflict is by denying Lyndon B. Johnson a second term as President. It is to this end that those people who dissent from Johnson's policies should work.

Mr. Kenworthy's analysis that only the Republicans will be able to turn Mr. Johnson out of office in 1968 is also valid, in my opinion. Since early in 1967 I have been counseling my fellow Republicans that it is the responsibility of the GOP to offer American voters a genuine alternative to Vietnam and Lyndon Johnson. We must not nominate a candidate who promises only to out-Johnson Johnson in pursuing the war.

Finally, Mr. Kenworthy's suggestion that the Republican candidate emphasize the very real domestic crises that Vietnam has precipitated is basically sound. It would be quite risky for the Republican nominee to attempt to offer a specific course of action in Vietnam that he would be forced to spend a great deal of time defending. It would be more prudent—and more responsible—for the GOP candidate to talk, not in detailed terms of his "Vietnam blueprint" but in terms of his basic approach and broad strategy regarding this issue.

Mark O. Hatfield
United States Senator

Lexington, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I emerge from a reading of Eldon Kenworthy's realistic-idealistic intricacies of resistance-inside-of-political action on Vietnam with the hope that *The Nation* is still making some progress, if reluctantly, toward giving its wholehearted blessing to the resistance movement. For what it's worth, the undersigned is a reader of nearly forty years' standing who thinks purely political action incapable of dealing with this problem; who thinks Vietnam should *not* be dealt with in purely tactical terms, in detachment from all our other sicknessess. . . .

In a period like the present one, in which we are trying as best we can to pick up some wreckage from the New Deal and post-New Deal compromisers (see Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War," *The Nation,* Sept. 10, 1967). I would like to see *The Nation* adopt a position less completely accepting of the formal democratic political process as a way of reforming our deeply pathological society. . . .

Armand Siegel

For The Nation*'s position on politics vs. resistance, see "Protest, Power and the Future of Politics," by Carey McWilliams in the issue of Jan. 15.* —Editors

correction

An editorial in the issue of Dec. 25, "The Dead Horse Walks Again," referred to a recent analysis of American Indian views, and recommendations as the Walker-Rigsby report.

This study appeared in the *Northwest Anthropological Research Notes,* of which Professors Walker and Rigsby are editors, but the paper in question was the work of Prof. Deward E. Walker, Jr., alone.

EDITORIALS

'A Certain Restlessness'

The State of the Union message reflects, of course, the President's familiar political cunning. He has so structured the political situation as to place the Republican legislators on the defensive—or so he hopes. In terms of legislative proposals, however, the message offered only a little more of the same, with few surprises and no new spectaculars. In the present context, the President's requests for domestic programs will strike few sparks in Congress and indeed this was not the intention; the requests were mostly "words," devoid of content, spoken for effect. The new-found interest in consumer legislation is an example of the President's fondness for the inexpensive gesture. His proposal to free the nation's gold reserves, if belated, is well taken, but it is not of major significance. His renewed request for the surtax increase, like most of the other requests, is not likely to be honored by a conservative Congress operating in the shadow of the November elections.

But what is truly saddening about the message is its general tone. Traditionally, State of the Union messages are supposed to point a direction, to inspire a response, to demonstrate real understanding of present conditions and a sound feeling for the future. As an essay in leadership, the President's message was more than inadequate; it was embarrassing in its lack of insight, its indifference to human problems, and in the degree to which it failed to reflect the qualities of the moral imagination. Vietnam was dismissed briefly, almost casually, with perhaps a hint that something might be happening on the diplomatic front. The decline in American prestige was bypassed as though it did not exist. Mr. Johnson's remarks about civil rights, greeted in stony silence, were offered in such a half-hearted manner as almost to invite repeal or weakening of existing legislation. The "model cities" proposal was largely window dressing. Here again, as Mayor John V. Lindsay pointed out in a follow-up comment on N.B.C., the President's failure to reflect real personal concern, a sense of urgency, about the cities was more distressing than the inadequacy of what he proposed or what he failed to recommend.

The yells of approval that greeted his "crime in the streets" and "safe streets" talk is a clear indication of the tactics that will be used this summer and of his intention to exploit the issue to the fullest possible extent. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, trying to be loyal, could not disguise his sense of dismay, while Floyd McKissick of CORE characterized the speech as "sad" and pointed to the failure—and it was here that the failure of moral imagination was most evident—of the President even to recognize the existence of the Negro as a human being, with problems, concerns, feelings. There was talk about LSD and mention of the redwoods, but no words of solace or encouragement for the Negro. "Gun control" was advocated, casually, but as Mr. McKissick said, "guns do not kill people: people kill people." No attempt was made to rally the nation in support of human rights.

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Commentators have suggested that the President attempted to fit the message to the mood of the country. If he succeeded, then the country is in deeper trouble than *The Nation* has suggested. Actually, the President did not respond to the mood of the country, he smirked at it. If the nation is troubled, he is not. He did not challenge the national conscience: he sought to appease it by catering to the lowest common denominators of self-interest. The nation is deeply troubled and sharply divided; the President's own advisers have eloquently attested to the malaise that exists. Yet all he could find to say was to regret the existence of "a certain restlessness." The address was elaborately casual, as though to quiet concerns and discontents, but it was also tired, lifeless, devoid of ideas, barren of new initiatives, unresponsive both to the needs and the mood of the country. A sad speech in a troubled time.

Debasing the Presidency

In this issue Ted Lewis, head of the Washington bureau of the New York *Daily News* and one of the country's ablest and most experienced political observers, says, quite correctly, that the issue in 1968 is Johnson—Johnson the man, "the burden of himself." Lewis also says, with equal cogency, that the potential tragedy of the situation is that if Mr. Johnson is renominated and re-elected—as well may happen—the result will not settle the issue of Johnson. The divisions cut too deep, the distrust cannot be overcome, the confidence cannot be restored. The country would still be divided.

Indeed, the situation might get worse, for if Mr. Johnson is returned to office his lesions of character could become even more obtrusive. As long as he looks forward to another term, he is under a degree of restraint. But barred by law from a third try, his unique combination of brutality of word and action with resentment of criticism might impel him to reckless extremes, particularly if events put an even greater strain on his temper. And that is perfectly possible. The current explosion in Guatemala is a warning that Vietnam is not the only place in the world where American power might be challenged and frustrated.

Another frame of reference within which Mr. Johnson may be judged is suggested with acute insight by Doris Fleeson. Americans, she points out, have long regarded the Presidency as "a symbol of their best aspirations as well as of American national power." Unlike the Germans under Hitler, naked power does not make the majority of Americans happy. Power must be exerted in some moral guise. Mr. Johnson senses this and tries to meet the need, but his efforts are so crude that the pretense fails. The people want the President to be a better man than they know themselves to be, Miss Fleeson goes on, but his actions, and his manners, make it impossible for the average sensible American to believe in Mr. Johnson's superiority.

Thus the Presidency has been damaged as a symbol; it has been "manhandled." Instead of exalted performance in an exalted office, Mr. Johnson has brought to it a

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hateful wheeler-dealer image. His handling of foreign affairs has been in the style of Texas politics—bad enough within that state, but intolerable when applied internationally. One of its results is the "credibility gap," which is simply a squeamish way of saying that the President's word cannot be trusted. Such exhibitions as the one in Manila when he said that we could begin to withdraw our troops in large increments within six months after North Vietnam stopped infiltrating and pulled its troops back from South Vietnam, have been reported too often. Of this statement, R. W. Apple, Jr., of *The New York Times* has said: "I literally do not know a responsible American officer in South Vietnam . . . who thinks that this could conceivably be done." LBJ is not such a fool as to have believed what he said. All he was interested in was the immediate headline effect, but the voters' memories, though short, are not that short, nor are reporters lacking to remind them of the President's irresponsibility in such matters.

His showmanship is as faulty as his credibility. Again, the lowest common denominator is not that low, nor is the Presidency a television show. Antics like taking off from Karachi without knowing where his next stop would be on the gratuitous trip around the world which began with the Holt funeral, the arm twisting which is one of his favorite devices, the symbolic castration of close aides, the fulsome self-congratulations on his appointments, are examples of the Johnson technique.

The President is a political leader, and no President can afford to forget the fact for long, but there are limits of decency even in that duality. When it comes to questions of war and peace, the President must rise above politics—that, indeed, is the theory of bipartisanship. When the theory collides with practice like that of Mr. Johnson's, the theory becomes invalid. It has been invalid since Mr. Johnson began to escalate in Vietnam. He has made the war a personal political instrument. The Associated Press reports that Bronson P. Clark, coordinator of the Friends Service Committee effort in Vietnam, said on his return: "It is readily admitted—especially by the military above the rank of colonel—that objective No. 1 is the re-election of the President." To the same effect, in a January 1 story in *The New York Times,* Apple says that Americans in Vietnam are under pressure to produce good news about the war to help the President politically, "even though the news is often in conflict with the realities."

The President's character is inseparably related to his demeaning of the Presidency. But to attack him solely, or primarily, on the basis of his character might offend the proprieties. The issue of respect for the Presidency is as impersonal as any issue can be under the circumstances. It is ready-made for Senator McCarthy and everyone who sees what is at stake.

How About It, Mr. Meany?

Toward the middle of January, the Saigon authorities broke a strike of electrical workers by rounding up the strikers at gunpoint and forcing them to resume work. Even Saigon's normally tame newspapers could not quite stomach this action. One paper called the arrest of the strike leaders "unjustified" and "incomprehensible." Longshoremen at the commercial port of Saigon (the military port is farther up the river) struck in sympathy. American soldiers were sent to unload the ships.

The background of these labor conflicts is interesting. On January 1, the Saigon government took over the property of the French company which supplied most of Saigon's power. The French Compagnie des Eaux et d'Electricité d'Indochine was paid $8 million, half in blocked piaster accounts and half in hard currency to stockholders in Europe. (In the long run the U.S. taxpayer will foot the bill, but that is incidental.) The workers did not fare as well as the stockholders. The French company had paid wages three or four times what the Saigon government was willing to grant. That was what the electrical strike was about.

George Meany should take note of these proceedings. At last year's AFL-CIO meeting he said: "There is one overriding fact about the Vietnam issue that is and must be the primary concern of the AFL-CIO—the existence in South Vietnam of a genuine free trade union movement. The Confederation of Vietnam Workers (CVT) is a growing and vigorous movement, representing some 500,000 workers. Its structure, goals and ideals are much like our own. It looks to the AFL-CIO for counsel and support."

What counsel? What support? Here is Mr. Meany's chance to show that he means business.

The Pressures Mount

Our inability to read the signals from Hanoi points not to any obscurity on the transmitting end but to a severe hearing loss on the part of the receiver. To everyone but the Administration the signal is loud and clear: Hanoi will negotiate if the bombing stops. It was repeated in Paris so that there could be no mistake this time, and issued by Hanoi in three languages, including English, just in case Washington was short-handed on translators. But we still don't get it.

Where does this leave the President, after all his rhetoric about going anywhere to talk peace? If it is Hanoi's purpose to embarrass the President at the beginning of an election year, it has succeeded. If its purpose is to negotiate for peace (and it may well be both) the move is likewise adroit and well timed. Sen. John Sherman Cooper promptly warned the Administration that if the United States did not stop the bombing to test the sincerity of Hanoi's willingness to bargain, "a chance for peace will be lost." Senator Cooper expressed irritation at the pretense of a continuing search for clarification. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy conducted an impromptu poll at the annual dinner of the Rochester (N.Y.) Chamber of Commerce. When he asked whether that conservative audience favored a halt to the bombing, an "overwhelming majority" raised their hands. J. Anthony Lukas, covering the event for *The New York Times,* estimated that supporters of the President's present policy numbered not more than thirty or forty out of approximately 700 diners.

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The Catholic bishops of South Vietnam, representing the sect which has been most aggressive in prosecuting the war, have issued a plea for peace, combined with a scathing denunciation of South Vietnamese officialdom. They were following the Vatican's lead, but voicing their own views as well; no national group of bishops is obliged to act as a sounding board for the Pope. Even West Germany is becoming critical of our standpat attitude. George Romney, campaigning in New Hampshire, struck a sensible note in calling for a neutralized Southeast Asia. Senators Mansfield and Ribicoff put renewed pressure on the Administration. Senator McCarthy, the chief dissident, quoted John F. Kennedy: "This nation will never negotiate out of fear, but it will never fear to negotiate." A more all-embracing call for a prompt and favorable response to Hanoi's statement can hardly be imagined.

But there are strong inertial forces on the standpat side. The military are professionally opposed to negotiation. Whenever the enemy makes overtures, our generals will declare that he must be hurting, so why should we negotiate? Then there are the South Vietnamese generals, for whom peace would be a calamity. By calling for continuation of the bombing and warning the Johnson Administration that they, as the elected government of South Vietnam, have the right of veto over any contemplated negotiations with North Vietnam or the National Liberation Front, they are also putting on a show of independence, the more necessary because everyone knows that financially and militarily they are what Hanoi calls them—puppets.

At this juncture Hanoi could make intransigence still more difficult for the Administration by using the 600 American airmen it holds prisoner. It could offer to exchange them for an end to the bombing; it could even release them unconditionally. That is perhaps too much to expect, but it might be a brilliant stroke.

Murder, CIA Style

The typical U.S. newspaper reader, radio listener or TV viewer has a clear image of the Vietcong in his mind. They are little brown devils who not only ambush our troops but descend in dark of night on villages to murder innocent peasants and their families. We and our allies, on the other hand, are assumed to be fighting a clean war, with the Marines cuddling little children when not engaged in combat. Possibly this complacent American has seen pictures of Vietcong, or suspects, being tortured by our South Vietnamese confreres, but in recent months nothing so disturbing has appeared on U.S. TV; either the torture has stopped or the cameramen have switched to more agreeable subjects.

Or—another possibility—the techniques have now been so improved that there is nothing to photograph. Ronald Ross, the Far East correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune* in a feature article (December 31) titled "Allies Launch Effort to Capture, Kill Viet Cong Leaders," raises the suspicion that the war is just as dirty on the American side—maybe dirtier.

The organization which performs this laudable work is code-named ICEX—Intelligence Coordination and Exploitation. The last word is a euphemism—the exploitation is extermination. The program is carried on jointly by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and the Saigon government, with the CIA (who else?) providing most of the funds and some of the personnel. The EX-part of ICEX is carried out by "provincial reconnaissance units" (another euphemism), composed mainly of Vietnamese but trained, advised and sometimes led by Americans drawn from the Special Forces, the CIA and other counterinsurgency groups. In the province of Long An alone, some 400 PRU "exploiters" are operating in teams of about twenty men. In Quang Tri, ICEX works in cooperation with the U.S. Marines. Forty Vietcong leaders are said to be on the Quang Tri list for elimination, and Ross's contacts assured him that highly satsifactory results are being secured.

One type of operation is on the humane side. A jet is sent over a village to break the sound barrier and get attention. Then a speaker plane flies over and names the man wanted. An American "adviser" explained to Ross that the hamlet is told that unless the man gives himself up within four hours "we are going in with flame throwers and demolitions." In a recent operation of this type five men surrendered and, according to established procedures, should have gone to a "rehabilitation" center; but something went wrong and they were turned over to the Vietnamese for "imprisonment."

More typical, however, are teams which enter a sleeping village and do their work as hired killers. In Quang Tri a typical fee might be 15,000 piasters (about $125), which is sumptuous pay by Vietnamese standards. The victims are selected by intelligence gathered from many sources—police agents, paid informers, defectors, "interrogation reports" (that could be still another euphemism), captured documents, etc. The size of the operation may be gauged from the organizations involved on the U.S. side: besides the CIA and the military, they include a new "pacification" outfit with the mouth-filling name of "Military Assistance Civil Operations Revolutionary Development Support" (MACORDS) and field personnel of the U.S. Agency for International Development and the U.S. Information Service. In short, just about anybody is made welcome who wants to get into the act, for love or money.

"In an earlier program," Ross writes, "the PRU's predecessors, known then as counter-terrorist teams, fell into the hands of brutally unscrupulous district and province chiefs and were used to eliminate personal enemies and not the Viet Cong." The *Tribune* article comments: "With hundreds of these teams of assassins running over the Vietnamese countryside, American intelligence officials are going to keep a very close watch on their activities."

This would seem to be a large order, calling for unusual zeal and perspicacity. But why worry? An occasional mistake is not too serious; the victims are Vietnamese in any case. However, one little precaution might be in order for the home folks: the next time they hear of a Vietcong atrocity, they might reflect that while it may be just that, it also might be a counter-atrocity.

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JOHNSON'S PROBLEM

THE IMAGE IS THE ISSUE

TED LEWIS
Mr. Lewis is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

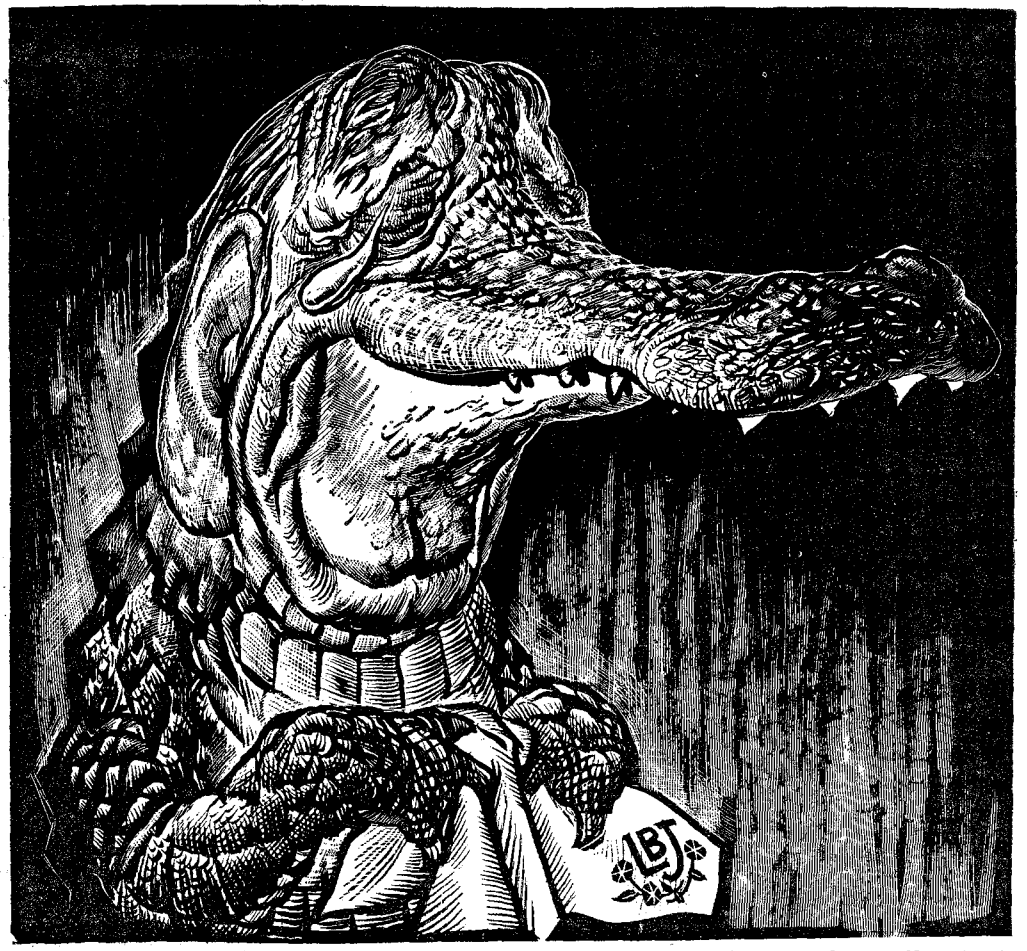
As this Presidential election year begins, virtually all the political experts of press and television are raking up the past to predict the future. It amounts to a most boring preoccupation with traditional rituals—a magnification of the importance of Presidential primaries and a tremendous amount of guff about how hard it is to beat an incumbent President—plus yards of statistical nonsense, including how a Wallace third party could throw the election into the House of Representatives for a decision.

Traditional rituals and traditional interpretations, which may have been significant in other campaigns, divert attention from the fact that this election year is absolutely untypical. Thus right now everyone is casting horoscopes on the March 12 New Hampshire primary. An easy prediction is that should Richard M. Nixon win the Republican preferential contest he will have a bandwagon rolling toward the party's Presidential nomination in August; and a similarly firm estimate is that the selection of Johnson-pledged delegates by New Hampshire Democrats will mean that the anti-LBJ movement led by Sen. Eugene McCarthy has wholly petered out.

Advance estimates of this sort go hand in hand with other conclusions, based, often not too securely, on performances in other Presidential nominating and electing years. Forecasts, for example, of what will be the sentiment of the delegates in August are based on previous records, and on appraisals of their Presidential preferences this winter.

The truth about this national election year makes that diet of political trivia even less nourishing than usual. We are all about to experience, for the first time in our lives, or in the life of the nation, an election that hinges almost totally on one simple but dramatically intoxicating issue—the personality of the incumbent President.

It is a tragic issue from the viewpoint of national well-being. Hate is un-Christian, yet it is there. So, for worse rather than for better, far deeper human prejudices will figure in next November's voting than did ideological prejudices taint the Goldwater campaign of 1964. If the country in November detests Johnson, he will lose regardless of the Presidential caliber of his GOP opponent. If the dislike—or distrust—is more moderate, he could win,



Macpherson, Toronto Star

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since what he has done might then balance off what he is. No ready historical analogies are pertinent to this issue of image. It can be compared only superficially with the distrust, dislike and disgust that worked against Herbert Hoover in 1932. That thumbs-down vote was far less personalized.

The issue of Johnson's image overwhelms the significance of the scattered state primaries, the preliminary stage strutting of Nixon, Romney, Reagan and Percy, or prognostications of any kind as to what the GOP national convention will do. One reason why the issue is basic, and not superficial as with Hoover thirty-six years ago, is that now there is television, whereas then there was only radio. The face as well as the voice of the President are almost daily with us. It used to be that what a President said was more important than how he looked when he said it. There were some advantages in that. Issues involving the economy, foreign affairs, and the fine distinctions between a social welfare state and benevolent capitalism could be explored by an electorate that was perhaps uncertain, but at least not distracted by trying to assess a candidate's sincerity on the basis of his physical presence.

In other years the personal image of the President was blurred. And because it was blurred, any national antipathy toward him personally lacked total venom. The exact opposite is now true. Those who dislike Johnson, the man, nurse their prejudices by television. Looking at him, they are irritated by the pursed lips, the moving eyes, the restless hands. Even those more tolerant tend to assess him on a personal basis. Each dulcet, each commanding phrase is thus measured by millions as to the depth of its honesty and the sincerity of its expression.

So 1968 presents a real political phenomenon in a national campaign, a phenomenon tritely referred to as the complex character of Mr. Johnson. There have been controversial Presidents before, as in the instances of Lincoln, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt; but while they were hated by some, they induced affection and loyalty in others. That is not so with Mr. Johnson.

Yet despite the burden of himself which the President must bear in this campaign, we are fed the cliché that it is very hard to beat an incumbent President who seeks a second term. Especially, the pundits always add, when times are good and a war is on. There are two bases for this alleged built-in advantage: first, the party in power customarily has great organizational strength, is well fed financially and filled with loyal workers; second, the White House rostrum being unequaled, a President can pose the national issues to fit his campaign.

Neither of these suppositions holds water this year. The Democratic Party's political apparatus has been allowed to degenerate in favor of one-man control, and Mr. Johnson cannot twist issues for political advantage without at the same time widening his own credibility gap. As for prosperity, it has become commonplace. The voter no longer gives a party credit for bringing it about, but he blames the party in power when inflation becomes a boom-time problem. As for the war, the issue is inextricably braided into the issue of the President's image, for it is his handling of the Vietnamese conflict that is primarily controversial.

Despite the almost transparent vulnerability of the Democratic President, students of politics insist that Johnson is strategically in the best position to win in 1968. Max Lerner, in a column baldly headed "The Virtuoso," repeats that tired appraisal of Johnson as the superb politician of the current national scene. Who of those mentioned among the Republicans, asks Lerner, is capable of conquering the smartest political operator of our time?

Nevertheless, the primary issue this year almost totally involves the personal attributes and flaws of one man. It is at the heart of the dump-Johnson movement in the President's own party. Similarly, the main source of the Republican Party's strength is anti-Johnson sentiment. Hence the thrust of the voting in November will be "agin" Johnson, rather than "for" the GOP national ticket.

An obvious dilemma in this situation disconcerts the Republicans at this point. They have a fastidious belief in timeworn election year rituals. They lean on an innate acceptance of the trite: that a series of primary victories for Nixon, or Reagan, or the now desperate Romney, would be triumphs almost impossible for the convention to deny. They also embrace that most ectoplasmic of myths—that Nixon is a pro of pros, and so is LBJ.

Despite the routine thinking that would have this just another routine national election, it is bound to dawn finally on the king makers, and on the candidates themselves, that the key to success is what happens to Johnson between now and August, not the primaries. This does not mean that impressive showings by Nixon in the GOP primaries would be irrelevant, or that the defeat of Romney in New Hampshire would not have tremendous psychological impact—probably resulting in his withdrawal. It only means that the polls, as they rate LBJ's popularity in the months ahead, will be far more likely to influence the conventions. Will the delegates think in early August that Johnson is going to be easy to beat or hard to beat in November?—that is the question.

On that basis, the nomination fortunes of Nixon—or Governor Rockefeller—would be decided without reference to the primary voting statistics. The same would be true of the Percy and Reagan chances as "second-best," compromise choices.

Besides the whooping up of primary preliminaries, we are also enduring this winter a ponderous, unimaginative attempt to project a Wallace third party candidacy into the November electoral vote. On paper, it is possible to reach a dreadful conclusion—that this evangelist of the *status quo* could carry sufficient states in a close election to require the House of Representatives, by a cumbersome voting procedure, to choose the President. Theoretically, it could happen. Practically, it is so unlikely as to be scarcely worth considering at this stage. When Johnson is nominated by the Democrats—as he certainly will be if he offers himself—and when his Republican opponent has been selected, will be soon enough to weigh the destructive capacity of this character from Alabama.

There is great drama in this election, but the traditional rituals tend to suppress it. As for the principal actor, the tragedy is that he cannot really win. A second term would only prolong, and emphasize, the bitter loss of trust that has divided and confused the people toward the end of his first five years in office.

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THIEU AND KY

THE RIVALRY OF PUPPETS

TRAN VAN DINH

Mr. Dinh, a former senior diplomat from South Vietnam serving in Southeast Asia and the United States, is now a free-lance journalist, lecturer and writer. He has published a book on the present war, No Passenger on the River *(Vantage Press), and writes weekly for the Collegiate Press Service.*

On December 14, 1967, the United Nations Secretariat made public the translation of a Statement of Policies of the National Liberation Front (NLF) of South Vietnam. The document, part of a lengthy communication transmitted by the Rumanian delegation to the world organization, concerns the political directives of the National Liberation Front, usually referred to as the "new NLF program." This program was first presented to the Vietnamese public on August 20, 1967, at the conclusion of an extraordinary congress of the NLF which met "in the middle of August at a locality in the liberated zone in South Vietnam." It calls for a broad, democratic regime, a coalition government, free and general elections, peaceful reunification in stages with North Vietnam "without either side using pressure against the other and without foreign interferences" and a foreign policy of peace and neutrality. It also calls for land reforms. (According to Reps. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) and Ogden Reid (R.,N.Y.) of the House Foreign Operations Committee, the NLF has distributed five times more land to the Vietnamese peasants than have the Saigon governments.)

Although the new NLF directives aim at "broadening the bloc of national solidarity," they are consistent with the Front's 1960 ten-point program. The NLF policy of negotiation and the formation of a coalition government was the subject of Point I which said: "This [Ngo Dinh Diem] regime and administration must be overthrown and a broad national democratic coalition administration formed, including representatives of all strata of people, nationalities, political parties, religious communities and patriotic personalities." In a statement on November 8, 1963, one week after the overthrow of Diem, the NLF declared: "The parties concerned in South Vietnam should negotiate with one another to reach a cease-fire and solve the important problems of the nation, to stabilize the basic internal and external policies with a view to reaching free general elections, to elect state organs and to form a national coalition government composed of representatives of all forces, parties, tendencies and strata of the Vietnamese people."

On September 28, 1966, Hanoi radio broadcast an interview with Mr. Nguyen Huu Tho, the NLF's president, by Wilfred Burchett, an Australian journalist. Mr. Burchett asked Mr. Tho if the NLF extended its cooperation to "those having participated in the Ngo Dinh Diem and the succeeding governments." Mr. Tho's answer was: "There will be no grudge for their activities, political tendencies and viewpoints, nor any discrimination as to nationalities or religious communities." The United States is well aware of the NLF policies. In a statement that appeared in *Life* magazine of November 27, 1964, Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson (now U.S. Ambassador to Japan) said: "I think their [the Vietcong's] strategy is very clear and they have been frank about it. They can have no hope for a military victory. Their present strategy is designed toward bringing about negotiation between some government in Saigon and their political arm, which is the NLF. This negotiation would be directed toward formation of a coalition government." Douglas Pike wrote in his book, *The Viet Cong,* that "considerable evidence is available that the NLF leadership at times has seriously considered authentic coalition government. A secret internal NLF document dated August 1962 spelled out the leadership's attitude at that moment toward the idea of a government that would include elements of Saigon bourgeoisie."

What made the NLF's move at the UN significant was its timing, its willingness to use the international organization for its diplomatic offensive, and a combination of circumstances both national (in South Vietnam) and international. On December 1, 1967, an AP story datelined Saigon had told of the arrest by the South Vietnamese police of two NLF emissaries who, according to official Saigon sources, were on their way to a meeting with members of the American Embassy. Some Vietnamese newspapers, tipped off by the police, claimed that a previous meeting had been held on November 20, 1967, between the NLF representatives and the following American officials: Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, deputy U.S. commander; Eugene M. Locke, deputy Ambassador, and Capt. Robert J. O'Brien, officer in charge of U.S. Embassy security. In the absence of General Westmoreland and Ambassador Bunker, then consulting in Washington, General Abrams and Ambassador Locke were the highest ranking U.S. representatives in South Vietnam.

There was an obvious orchestration in the manner in which the Saigon regime exploited the story. Phan Xuan Huy, a member of the South Vietnamese House of Representatives, and a close friend of Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and of Police Chief Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, told the House that the CIA had been trying to make contact with the NLF without telling the South Vietnamese government. He claimed that the U.S. Embassy had put pressure on the government to release the arrested NLF members, thus leading to rumors that Police Chief Loan had resigned. The newspapers which made full use of their space for the "incident" were the *Cong Chung* (Public) and the *Tien Tuyen* (Front Line), financed respectively by the police and the army. The *Cong Chung,* which since October has been pushing a persistent anti-U.S. campaign, broke the story first and threatened that "there will be a strong reaction on the part of mass organizations and their representatives in the Congress if the U.S. should be proven to have begun secret negoti-

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ations with the NLF without the knowledge of the Vietnamese administration." Prime Minister Nguyen Van Loc confirmed the story about the arrest of the NLF representatives, but denied that General Loan had resigned. Loan, the Premier told the press, was on sick leave, although he was seen in the Highlands, piloting an Air Force plane which dropped napalm bombs in the Dakto areas. He was back at his desk in about a week. Ky was unusually silent, and the Embassy denied the whole thing.

My information is that there was no such meeting, at least during the period mentioned. The fabricated "incident" was another illustration among many of the power struggle between President Thieu and Vice President Ky. The latter has never forgiven the Americans for pushing him into accepting the number-two position last June, and is determined to occupy the top post in fact if not in title. Thus far, he has succeeded. Thieu chose Nguyen Van Loc to be Prime Minister with Ky's advice and consent, and Loc's cabinet is dominated by Ky's Northern friends. The new Air Force commander, Gen. Tran Van Minh, a Northerner, is Ky's associate and was his deputy. And Ky's closest friend, Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, is still in command of the 100,000-man police force.

However, President Thieu is not a man content to act as a figurehead; he has always shown that he intends to exercise his full constitutional powers. The main obstacle to Thieu's control of real power is Loan; without the General at the head of the police force, Ky's power would be greatly reduced and his financial resources drastically curtailed. Power in Saigon is, after all, police power. General Loan is hated by the Vietnamese, by the Buddhists, and despised by the U.S. Embassy which cannot stomach his corruption and his bad manners. His manipulation of the anti-U.S. campaign has also angered the Embassy.

Thus if Thieu could get rid of Loan, he would gain favor with both the Americans and the Vietnamese public. Loan's countermove is to pose as a "nationalist" (hence the belligerence toward the Americans) and to make

Vice President Ky

President Thieu

Thieu appear "soft on communism." During the election campaign Thieu had sought to exploit the strong peace sentiments in the populace by promising that he would "guarantee safe passage for any NLF member who wanted to come to Saigon for informal talks." It is also believed among the South Vietnamese generals and by some Vietnamese anti-Communists that the United States has been trying to deal secretly with the NLF. (The same anti-Communists accused the French of the same thing during the last war.) Thus, to be soft on communism is, in the minds of Ky and his ilk, also to be a puppet of the United States. The arrest of the alleged NLF emissaries, made without Thieu's knowledge, would underscore the strong anti-NLF, anti-U.S. positions of Ky and Loan and embarrass the President's position with elements of the public, the legislature and the military.

The Ky-Loan maneuver was well-timed, catching Thieu during a period of mounting difficulties. After two months in power, he had accomplished nothing except a regulation to force government workers to work on Saturday afternoons (siesta hours are still respected). The partial mobilization decree he signed in October met strong opposition from a population tired of war, and from the Congress. Like many other decisions made by South Vietnamese governments, this one will be allowed to die a natural death. His untimely and unwise (he is a Catholic) decision to bring to trial twenty-six important leaders of the Buddhist uprising in the summer of 1966 provoked firm resistance from all Buddhists and from members of the legislature. Speeches were made in both houses against the trial. (It has been held and the defendants convicted.)

Thieu's anti-corruption and anti-vice campaign got nowhere and his decision to reduce the powers of the warlord-corps commanders is still a dream. When, on November 11, the decision to execute three Vietcong

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terrorists was canceled at the behest of the Americans, who feared NLF reprisals on American prisoners, Thieu lost face. The Vietnamese had no particular liking for the execution of Vietcong, but they could see that his "independent" government could not enforce the decisions of its court. Thieu is subjected to all kinds of criticism and is under pressure from Washington and the embassy in Saigon to make "progress." But he is shrewd and calculating, and knows that he must get control of the administrative machine before he can turn on his rival. Recently, he named his closest adviser, Nguyen Van Huong, to the important post of Secretary General to the Presidency. In this position, Mr. Huong can supervise for him all the activities of Ky's friend, the Premier. Thieu is counting on the sympathy of the Embassy, which is growing impatient with Ky-Loan intrigues. He is trying to promote a visit to the United States, an invitation Ky has long coveted. Thieu and Ky vied with each other in sending wedding gifts to President Johnson's daughter. At the same time, caught in the Ky-Loc-Loan nationalism campaign, Thieu had to take a very strong stand in his reply to Mr. Johnson's endorsement, in an interview of December 20, of informal talks between Thieu and the NLF. Thieu said he would accept "any individual from the Front who would like to come back with us like any other returnees."

Against this background, the U.S.-NLF contact story created a flurry of statements and clarifications from the U.S. Administration. On December 7, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg revealed that the NLF had inquired some time in October whether it would be permitted to send two representatives to New York. Secretary-General U Thant disclosed that the NLF had sought his help to establish an unofficial mission at the UN similar to that of the Algerian National Liberation Front a decade ago. At that time, and despite French objections, the United States granted visas to representatives of the Algerian NLF to come to New York.

Although both the NLF and Hanoi still maintain that the UN has no authority in the Vietnam situation, the choice of the UN platform to circulate its program is an indication that the NLF is embarking on a diplomatic offensive. In September, the USSR endorsed the NLF's "political directives." Dang Quang Minh, the NLF representative in Moscow, was received by Kosygin and Brezhnev. However, choosing Rumania, one of the most independent nations in the Russian orbit, as a channel of communication was a way for the NLF to demonstrate its freedom from Soviet influence. The NLF is perhaps trying to exploit a division in Washington and to encourage more flexibility toward the NLF among the American leaders. Vice President Humphrey suggested on December 8 that "it may be that at some future date some of the non-Communist members of the NLF may very well be brought into a government and may very well be the ones we have to negotiate with." This suggestion is a striking departure from his February, 1965, position that such a government would be like having "a fox in a chicken coop—soon there wouldn't be any chickens left."

Two days after the NLF program was circulated at the UN, China stated that it had given the NLF delegation in Peking the standing of an embassy; East Germany accorded the NLF the same status. Besides China and East Germany, the NLF maintains diplomatic missions (government-accredited representatives) in Cambodia, Cuba, North Korea; it has officials in Algeria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, the USSR, the United Arab Republic and North Vietnam. It will soon open an Information Bureau in Paris. The Chinese and East German moves recall similar gestures made to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in 1950. On January 14 of that year, President Ho Chi Minh, whose capital was then somewhere in the jungles of North Vietnam, sent a communication to the governments of the world, saying that "the Democratic Republic of Vietnam triumphantly declares to the governments of the world that it is the only lawful government representing a unified Vietnamese people." On January 19, the People's Republic of China recognized the Democratic Republic, and Russia followed on January 31. It is worth remembering that when President Ho Chi Minh declared the independence of Vietnam in Hanoi on September 2, 1945, no country in the world, including the USSR, recognized his government. When he called for diplomatic recognition of his regime, when in 1948 he offered to talk peace with the French, and applied for UN membership, the interpretation in Paris was that the "Viet Minh was weakening and had suffered serious military defeats." The United States may similarly misinterpret the NLF move. Actually, the diplomacy of the Viet Minh and of the NLF today are classic examples of the "fight and negotiate" strategy of revolutionary warfare. Revolutionary warfare or a war of national liberation is for the control and sharing of political power, not for the military destruction of the enemy.

The NLF diplomatic offensive has caught the United States in a trap of its own making. To justify its military intervention in Vietnam and its bombing of North Vietnam, Washington must assume publicly that the NLF is merely a creature of North Vietnam. (At times, however, the United States contradicts itself. In a pamphlet, "A Note on the Vietnamese Sects," published by the JUSPAO Planning office in Saigon in May, 1966, one reads: "Ten of the eleven Cao Dai subsects had opposed Diem, and their leadership fled to Cambodia or went into hiding. . . . The members of the other ten sects made up the bulk of the early NLF support, although the alliance at all times was an uneasy one. . . . The Hoa Hao sect in 1952 formed the Social Democratic Party as its political arm. It too challenged Diem, and its armies were smashed by the ARVN in 1956. Like the Cao Dai, it was an early and major participant in the NLF. The third of the esoteric sects of Vietnam, the Binh Xuyen, which was smashed by Diem, also worked with the NLF. . . .")

When he was back in Washington last November, Ambassador Bunker admitted at a background meeting with selected newsmen that the NLF was the only cohesive political force in South Vietnam. Unlike the Saigon rulers, who are mostly Northerners, the NLF leadership is Southern. The South has many historical reasons to suspect that the leadership in the North will abandon its interests in international compromises. The

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March 6, 1946, agreements, the September 14, 1946, *modus vivendi,* the Geneva Agreements are not forgotten. The participation of North Vietnamese regular regiments in the war at strategic border areas after the U.S. bombing of the North created frictions and required adjustments between the Northerners and the Southerners. The most remarkable concession by Hanoi was its acceptance in 1966 of a NLF representation in Hanoi, headed by Mr. Nguyen Van Tien. In an interview published by *Il Mattino* of Milan on December 9, 1967, Pham Van Su, North Vietnamese Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, was quoted as implying that to end the war, the United States would have to deal with the NLF.

The NLF, for its part, is not going to talk with Thieu and Ky. Assuming that the recent Hamlet Evaluation System, which gave Saigon control of two-thirds of the 17 million Vietnamese, is correct (which it is not because it supposes, for example, that the people of Saigon are all loyal to Thieu-Ky); assuming further that the September 3, 1967, elections were relatively fair (which they certainly were not), the Thieu-Ky regime which amassed 1,638,902 votes (or 34.8 per cent of the votes, or roughly 3 million people of all ages) cannot claim to represent the people of South Vietnam. Official estimates give the NLF control of 5 million. According to these American figures, then, the majority of the population, about 9 million, are neither NLF nor Thieu-Ky. In that case and if the United States wishes to bypass the NLF in any negotiation to end the war, the logical step would be to encourage the emergence of this third force. Had the elections been fair, had they been organized by an interim civilian government instead of the military junta, they would have produced a government qualified to negotiate with the NLF to end the war and with the United States to end the bombing of both North and South Vietnam. And even though that opportunity has been lost, it is still possible that the International Control Commission could be given provisional authority to bring together various political and religious groupings in South Vietnam to form an interim government capable of negotiating with the NLF.

In the coming months, it is possible that the NLF will step up the present diplomatic offensive by declaring itself a government with a capital somewhere in a liberated zone. According to the Saigon *Post* of December 1, the NLF, in a letter addressed to President Ho Chi Minh and broadcast by Hanoi radio, referred to itself three times as a "government." It is thus clear that, for strategic or tactical reasons, Hanoi has come to accept the proposition that for some time after the war South Vietnam will remain politically distinct from the North. For the same practical reasons Washington might decide to deal with the NLF. After all, negotiation and diplomacy are tactical means to temporize a situation, and to gain the time for a political trend to develop. U.S. diplomacy would lose nothing by adopting a flexible attitude not only in South Vietnam but in other parts of the developing world. Nations are growing and changing, and dogmatic assumptions and rigid strategies will prove to be self-defeating and dangerously costly.

The mood in Washington, at least in the next few months, is not for negotiations but for the pursuit of a military victory. Negotiation, as Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said on December 18, "is not an end in itself. Negotiation is not a face-saving device for abandoning the objectives we have been fighting for. It is a method of achieving our objectives." To General Wheeler and the Administration, American objectives are the only ones worth considering. For them, the purpose of negotiations is to sanction the surrender of the NLF and Hanoi. But soon or late, the United States will come to realize and understand the political and military realities of the Vietnamese battlefield. The NLF diplomatic offensive will provide Washington with many occasions in the future to translate these realities into a reasonable settlement at a conference table.

THE DRAFT AS PUNISHMENT

TRIAL BY HERSHEY

PETER W. MARTIN
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> The Congress . . . declares that in a free society the obligations and privileges of serving in the armed forces and the reserve components thereof should be shared generally, in accordance with a system of selection which is fair and just . . . .
>
> —*Military Selective Service Act of 1967*

Recently, four persons, including students at the University of Oklahoma and the University of Utah, were reclassified 1-A by their local draft boards for their participation in anti-war demonstrations. A Temple University faculty member, aged 37 and the father of two, was reclassified 1-A because he returned his draft card as a form of protest. The same act cost a Cornell University chaplain his exemption from the draft as a minister. A like fate probably awaits many of the 297 who turned in draft cards during the Pentagon peace demonstration of last fall. Such use of the classification system by draft boards to punish those they consider to have violated the Selective Service Act or regulations has come under sharp criticism and legal attack. Public attention has been drawn to the practice by General Hershey's now notorious letter, issued on October 26 to all members of the Selective Service System.

Coming only five days after the Pentagon demonstration, the letter was read by many as encouraging draft

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boards to reclassify students who participate in "illegal" demonstrations which interfere with military recruitment. It even carried the hint that any "vicious efforts to cripple" national unity fell within the General's notion of illegality. Any doubt about the force of his message was removed at a November 2 press conference. "We believe it's a violation of our act," he said, "when anyone interferes with a registrant who is trying to carry out his obligation to the government [by enlisting]." As a violator of the Selective Service Act—and the General conceded this required "assuming just a little"—the demonstrator faced being declared a "delinquent" by his draft board, the loss of any deferred classification, and advancement to the very top of the list for induction.

A subsequent joint statement by Attorney General Ramsey Clark and General Hershey, presumably ordered by the White House, attempted to mollify the letter's critics by assuring that registrants who engaged in "lawful protest activities" would not be penalized; but it succeeded only in stirring up greater controversy by revealing disagreement between the two. The statement clearly bore the mark of the Justice Department's more restricted view of the type of activity which, under the Selective Service Regulations, would justify declaring a registrant a delinquent: namely, not all illegal conduct, but only that constituting a violation of a duty affecting the registrant's *own status*. Hershey, by quickly pointing out that the statement did not expressly rule out a broader reclassification authority, made it evident that he did not accept the Justice Department's interpretation. The director's view is that the criminal provisions of the Selective Service Act, which are enforced by the Justice Department, are merely one option in any case of conduct that allegedly violates the Act or regulations, including "illegal" interference with the draft process or military recruitment. Indeed, Hershey prefers reclassification, except, of course, for individuals too old or infirm for duty.

Attacks on General Hershey's pronouncements have followed two lines. Some have taken issue only with his suggestion that registrants may be declared "delinquent" for participating in demonstrations that interfere with military recruiters. The second and more fundamental argument advanced by critics, including Congressman Moss of California, who has threatened hearings on the issue, is that draft boards lack authority "to use the draft classification process as a device to punish a person for expressing his views or even for violating the law." Both criticisms have a solid legal basis.

The Justice Department's refusal to agree with Hershey that demonstrators can be treated as "delinquents" rests on the system's own regulations which authorize reclassification only when a registrant has failed to comply with a *duty* imposed by the Selective Service Act or the regulations themselves. Neither the Act nor the regulations defines a duty not to demonstrate. For this reason the United States Court of Appeals, second circuit, a year ago ruled illegal the reclassification of two students who demonstrated in the offices of the Selective Service local board in Ann Arbor. Far from "assuming just a little," General Hershey's contrary view cannot be supported by any reasonable reading of the regulations.

Large numbers of protesters face reclassification not because of mere participation in an anti-war demonstration but because of a specific act of protest—turning in their draft cards. Since the Selective Service Regulations impose a *duty* on every registrant to keep his draft card in his possession, treating one who has surrendered the card as a "delinquent" does no violence to the regulations. Consequently, any challenge to such use of induction as a punishment must go beyond the line of opposition established by the Justice Department and the Court of Appeals decision cited above. They did not challenge the practice of reclassifying and inducting draft delinquents, but were concerned only with the limits of delinquency as defined by the regulations. Two more fundamental objections exist: (1) There is no authority under the Selective Service Act for establishing such a system of punishment; (2) there is a conflict between the practice and constitutional guarantees.

A search of the present Act or any of its predecessors, including the prototype Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, yields no trace of any legislative direction to deny deferments to registrants alleged to have committed violations of the Act. In fact, the Act prescribes a very different method of enforcement. Section 12 establishes criminal penalties for those who *"knowingly* fail or neglect or refuse" to perform duties required by the law or regulations. Since 1965, also, a separate subsection has dealt with mutilation or destruction of draft cards, the subject of a First Amendment challenge now before the Supreme Court. From 1940 through November 1, 1943, the Selective Service relied solely on statutory penalties, a maximum jail sentence of five years and maximum fine of $10,000, to enforce the law and regulations. Selective Service Regulations during that period provided merely that the system should identify and investigate possible delinquents and report those it found to be willful violators to the Justice Department for prosecution. Total convictions up to June 30, 1943, numbered more than 6,000.

Congress in 1940 chose this method of enforcement deliberately, specifically rejecting less formal administrative procedures. Brig. Gen. James Oakes, whose report on the operation of the draft during the Civil War is responsible for many features in the present law (including that peculiar institution, the local draft board), recommended that delinquents be prosecuted by the Justice Department rather than the military. During World War I, this recommendation was not fully realized because, although the Act established criminal sanctions, many delinquencies resulted in the sending of an order to report for military service. Whether or not received, such a notice made the addressee a member of the service from the date specified and a deserter upon his failure to report; hence many delinquents were tried by court-martial. The Burke-Wadsworth bill, originally contemplating this same system, provided for concurrent military and civil jurisdiction over violations. It was amended before becoming the 1940 Act to provide for civil jurisdiction only, unless the registrant had actually been inducted.

Apparently, the Selective Service decided in 1943 that the threat of criminal prosecution was failing to induce the

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degree of compliance desired. By late 1942 many registrants had fallen out of touch with their draft boards. In January, 1943, the Selective Service launched a concerted delinquency campaign. In order to compel registrants to re-establish contact, a new regulation required a registrant to keep his classification notice, as well as his registration certificate, in his possession. Registrants who then reappeared, willing to comply, were not prosecuted.

From an administrative standpoint, the disadvantages of being limited to the criminal penalty and a full trial are fairly obvious. Threat of prosecution worked quite well in persuading compliance by delinquents once they were located; but the registrant who hoped his draft board would forget about him did not have serious worries, so long as he did not actively evade induction. Most prosecutions could be forestalled by belated compliance or, if need be, by enlisting or volunteering for induction. The Act specifically limited prosecution to "knowing" violations, so the resources of the Justice Department were applied only to the most blatant cases of infringement.

The Selective Service Regulations were amended, as of November 1, 1943, to provide that henceforth all delinquents would be reclassified 1-A, if within the age groups liable for service and physically fit. Local boards were urged to publicize the change, with the hope that the news would spur compliance. At the time, Assistant Attorney General Tom Clark characterized the new regulation as "an administrative *penalty*, in addition to the present criminal sanction." Although the Selective Service now avoids language which would suggest it is using the draft to punish delinquents, in more candid moments it too has recognized this intent. A 1950 report on enforcement of the 1940 law, signed by General Hershey, spoke of the reclassification regulation as establishing an "administrative penalty."

The administrative procedure thus established is so at odds with the method of enforcement prescribed by Congress in the Act that there is a fair chance of its being stricken down if challenged directly in court. The points of conflict between regulation and statute are numerous. The regulations omit from the definition of "delinquent" the requirement that a violation occur "knowingly" which was deliberately added by Congress to the 1940 Act. They do not excuse the delinquent from criminal prosecution but add to that possibility the denial of an otherwise valid deferment or exemption. The most important inconsistency, however, lies in the substitution of a highly informal hearing procedure before a local draft board for a full judicial trial. The board's decision is effectively substituted for that of a court because of the very limited scope of judicial review of classification determinations. The method of review described by the statute requires the registrant to report for, but to refuse to submit to, induction. In the following criminal prosecution for failing to submit to induction (his only chance for judicial review), he is permitted the defense that the classification decision was in error, but must meet an unusually severe burden of proof.

The effect of this administrative procedure is that the

Renault, Open Forum: Ben Roth

"Send These, the Dissident, Deferred Trouble-Makers to Me"

alleged violator is faced with the choice of accepting induction, notwithstanding an otherwise valid deferment, or seeking judicial review of the board's decision, with little chance of success and the risk of a second criminal penalty. It has been Justice Department policy ever since the Service began reclassifying those considered guilty of minor violations such as non-possession of draft cards not to limit prosecution to the offense of failure to submit to induction when the administrative penalty is challenged. The registrant is often prosecuted for both offenses—the original one which was the ground for reclassification and also the refusal to accept that action by the board. Because of the limited scope of review of the classification decision, it is entirely possible for the defendant to be acquitted on the first count but convicted for his refusal to accept a draft board's determination that he was guilty on that count—a preposterous state of affairs that highlights the conflict between regulation and statute.

Because of this inconsistency, the provisions of the Selective Service Act which authorize the issuance of implementing regulations cannot legitimately be used to support reclassification. Hershey's October 26 letter argues:

> The military obligation for liable age groups is universal and . . . deferments are given only when they serve the national interest. It is obvious that any action that violates the military selective service act or regulations, or the related processes cannot be in the national interest.

The assumption here implicit is that the Selective Service Act permits the President by regulation, and the Selective

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Service System by administrative interpretation, to establish whatever classification system they, as distinguished from Congress, deem to be in the national interest. The Act delegates no such unlimited discretion; it sets forth the precise scope of the President's authority to refine the criteria for deferment, and it varies among the various statutory grounds. For example, the Act defers the Vice President and numerous other specified public officials; no authority to contract or expand this category is delegated to the President. Similarly, the exemption accorded the clergy is without qualification. On the other hand, deferments for dependents, for graduate study, and deferments on account of occupation or extreme hardship are, the Act says, to be granted under "such rules and regulations" as the President may prescribe.

The authority which the statute vests in local draft boards to determine a registrant's classification does not permit denial of deferment on arbitrary grounds, i.e., grounds suggested neither by the express terms of the Act nor by the rationales underlying the particular deferment. Reclassification of those for whom the statute insures deferment or exemption without the qualifying phrase "under such rules and regulations" as the President may prescribe is a clear violation of the statute. Even with respect to those deferments about which the statute envisions a measure of Presidential rule making, the delinquent reclassification procedure outsteps the bounds of that authority. Such an across-the-board threat to deferments or exemptions is unrelated to the purposes for which the specific grants of rule-making power appear intended. When it is added that the policy of rescinding deferments granted to those a board considers violators of the Act or regulations is inconsistent with the method of enforcement deliberately selected by Congress, it becomes clear that the regulation constitutes as much a violation of Congressional will when applied to a student or a registrant with children as when applied to a minister. Hershey has it backward when he asserts that if Congress disagrees with his interpretation of the law, it can amend the Selective Service Act.

The General's attempts to explain the need for reclassification reveal the same flaw; they contradict decisions incorporated in the Act. He laid stress recently on the delays of the judicial process and the unavailability of potential draftees while prosecutions are in motion. The number of cases filed (1,388 during the first four months of this fiscal year) is insignificant in comparison with a total manpower pool of 18 million and annual military needs of about 1 million. More important, manpower needs and the time required for trial are not new considerations and must have been weighed by Congress in its preference for enforcement by the Justice Department and the courts over more rapid but less formal procedures. The Act furnishes a device for reconciling the need for fairly strict enforcement with the national military manpower requirements. Since 1940, the draft law has authorized the President to prescribe rules and regulations governing the parole for service in the armed forces of those convicted of Selective Service Act violations. During World War 11, this section was implemented, and a significant number of those convicted took advantage of it. Selective Service Regulations no longer provide for such parole, presumably because manpower needs do not require tapping this source.

It might appear that the intent of Congress in 1940 is no longer relevant, Congress having re-enacted the Selective Service Act on numerous occasions since the reclassification procedure entered the regulations in 1943. Surely Congress was not unaware of the practice; cannot the failure to condemn it be read as implied endorsement? Where the effect of contested regulations is to inflict a harsh penalty on an individual without a full hearing, the Supreme Court has rejected this classic argument. Before it will weigh the constitutionality of a procedure of doubtful validity, the Court has demanded a clearer expression of Congressional intent than is provided by mere acquiescence in administrative practice. The reclassification procedure does raise just such issues of constitutionality.

Nothing in the Selective Service Regulations instructs draft boards on sufficiency of evidence. It may declare a registrant a delinquent on the basis of whatever evidence it chooses. A hearing is not automatically granted before such a declaration and reclassification. Local Board Memorandum No. 85, which accompanied Hershey's letter on demonstrators, suggests that whenever a board receives a registration card separated from its owner, sufficient basis exists for reclassification. If the registrant thereafter demands a personal hearing, he is granted it; but he is not entitled under the regulations to the assistance of counsel. In the hearing, the registrant is furnished none of the protections which would be a matter of constitutional right if the same issue were being tried in court under the Act's criminal section: no transcript is kept; no reasoned opinion with specific findings of fact and conclusions of law can be expected. Further, while in court the defendant's guilt would have to be proved "beyond a reasonable doubt" and the Fifth Amendment would prevent his silence from being relied on to support conviction, a local draft board suffers no such restraint. The board operates under no more definite guide than the general instruction that the registrant bears the burden of proving his eligibility for deferment to the board's satisfaction.

There is no doubt that local-board hearings fail to meet the constitutional standards which apply to criminal proceedings; but the principal issue in any court test of the procedure will be whether those standards apply in the administrative context. Typical classification decisions, involving such points as whether a registrant is a full-time student or a regular or ordained minister or a conscientious objector, have withstood constitutional challenges for the reason that minimum standards of administrative due process in civil matters are complied with. But the Constitution requires more of a criminal trial, and the Supreme Court has held that when government action is designed to mete out punishment, it must be held to this higher standard, even though the labels "criminal" and "punishment" may not be used. In 1963, the Court held that a penalty, unambiguously imposed by statute (in that case, forfeiture of citizenship for the act of leaving or staying outside the country to avoid the draft), could not be imposed since no provision was made for "a prior criminal trial and all its incidents, including indictment, notice, confrontation, jury trial, assistance of coun-

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sel, and compulsory process for obtaining witnesses." In the same opinion, the Court listed the factors it deemed relevant to a determination that government action was in substance a penalty. Because of their intent and effect, it is highly likely that the reclassification regulations will be deemed to impose a penalty; if so, they will fall.

Eventually, the federal courts will have to express themselves on these issues; test cases are now pending. It is a comment on the Administration that litigation should be required. As General Hershey has pointed out, litigation is time consuming. It also requires registrants willing to face imprisonment. The President ought to rescind the regulation which now gives the color of authority to the policy of reclassification.

As yet the White House has tried only to dodge the issue. On December 21, Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale University, wrote President Johnson on behalf of the presidents of Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell, Columbia and Brown, imploring him "to make it crystal clear that there is no intention to let local boards assume the judicial role of determining the legality of individual conduct and that there is no intention to undercut or bypass fundamental judicial processes."

The reply, from special assistant Joseph A. Califano, Jr., asserted: "The Selective Service System is not an instrument to repress and punish unpopular views. Nor does it vest in draft boards the judicial role of determining the legality of individual conduct." This is a meaningless, in fact highly deceptive, assurance as long as the regulations issued by the President permit reclassification upon the determination by a draft board that one of its registrants is "delinquent."

It need hardly be said that the President ought also to relieve General Hershey of his present office. The nation requires a Selective Service director who will respect judicial decisions and recognize that there are legal limitations to his authority. As Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas remarked recently to a Colgate University audience: [Hershey] "is a law unto himself and responds only to his own conversation." He is also on record as not being particularly concerned with the law's express goal of fairness. During the 1966 Congressional hearings, he stated:

> I enlisted in the National Guard in Indiana when I was sixteen years old, and there were a thousand other kids that didn't, and there was nothing fair about the fact that I assumed voluntarily a responsibility they ought to share and therefore there is a limit to what you can possibly do, and I think we have gone hogwild on the individual rights in this country, whether group rights had to suffer because of it.

The Selective Service System's degree of control over the lives and liberty of individual citizens is unique among administrative agencies, as is the political stress under which it often must function. As presently structured it is less subject than most agencies to judicial supervision. It is exempt from the Administrative Procedure Act which requires most federal agencies to follow formal hearing procedures before promulgating important policy. As Hershey has repeatedly demonstrated, the director can, if he sees fit, issue national policy in informal letters. This fact, combined with nearly complete local-board autonomy and the Act's prohibition of judicial review of classification decisions prior to acceptance or refusal of induction, hinders close review by the courts. To maintain as director a man who listens to neither the Justice Department nor the courts, but only to himself, certainly "cannot be in the national interest."

FROM PEACE TO WALLACE

CALIFORNIA RUNS THE GAMUT

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

The day after it became apparent that the Peace and Freedom Party had qualified for the ballot in California, the party's youthful leaders held a press conference at their grubby, one-room headquarters on West Pico Boulevard in Los Angeles. As the session neared its end, a young volunteer edged his way over to the table where the party organizers were seated and suggested, "Why don't we tell the reporters what we think of them?" Amid laughter, one of the organizers answered, "That wasn't on the agenda, but as long as it has come up, maybe we should talk about it." And they did—impartially charging newspapers, radio and television with neglect of the Peace and Freedom Party and with consistent bias in favor of George Wallace and his American Independent Party (AIP). One party leader summed up to the satisfaction of his colleagues: "Look, you didn't know what was going on. You thought we were just another bunch of kooks."

The denunciation had a familiar ring to reporters who had covered another news conference ninety minutes earlier in nearby Santa Monica, where Wallace, celebrating the newly won legal blessing for his American Independent Party in California, taunted the newsmen for underestimating his strength, and one of his supporters yelled, "Tell *that* to Huntley and Brinkley." The prophets of journalism had offended both ends of the political spectrum—by predicting that neither had much chance of collecting the 60,059 registrations required under California law to get on the ballot.

Wallace's achievement was the less remarkable. His supporters had waged a campaign at an acknowledged cost of "hundreds of thousands of dollars." (Some estimates put it at $1 million.) A nationally known and controversial political figure, he got lavish news coverage

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and appeared on numerous television programs. By contrast, the Peace and Freedom Party, lacking a "name candidate" or any candidate at all, and scrounging for nickels and dimes, was largely ignored. As late as mid-December, hardly anyone, including its organizers, expected the party to qualify, although several thousand students fanned out over the state during the Christmas holidays to pick up registrations. Then, ironically, the Wallace headquarters, by announcing in the last week of December that its drive had been successful, supplied the Peace and Freedom Party with vital, last-minute momentum. Thousands of dismayed liberal and left-leaning Democrats registered with the party.

These two dissident political movements, sprouting in the fertile soil of California, are now heading in opposite directions for the New Jerusalem, each confident that it has correctly linked its goals with the aspirations of the American people and both proclaiming eventual success. Extreme opposites in political and personal philosophies, they have in common a deep sense of alienation from the main current of events and a hatred of the Establishment, which they both define as the "liberal establishment." An ultraconservative member of the California Republican State Central Committee, who threatens to bolt to Wallace if the GOP nominates "some idiot like Rockefeller or Romney," put the proposition simply: "The real conservatives are sick and tired of the goddam left-wing liberals that run this country." Read "radicals" for "conservatives" and that statement accurately reflects the sentiment of the Peace and Freedom Party. Leaders of both parties label themselves "the wave of the future," and both factions are certain that if the news media would only deliver their messages, uncorrupted, to the public, the response would be immediate and favorable.

The Peace and Freedom Party, although now qualified for the California ballot, is an organization in name only. Contemptuous of the power structure, which inevitably it describes as "the white power structure," disdaining political organization and all forms of authority, the party must nevertheless create its own power structure if it is to have even short-term political influence. Its leaders, mostly under 30, recognize this and have issued a pronouncement remarkably like those from the two major parties. The party's immediate plans are to (*1*) solidify the state-wide organization that put the party on the ballot; (*2*) plan a state-wide convention, probably in San Francisco in March; (*3*) look for potential candidates prior to the convention; (*4*) approach groups with similar goals in other states, and (*5*) raise money to pay for these activities.

The party's first post-registration planning session, January 6 and 7 in Pasadena, demonstrated its free-floating character. On two days' notice, 200 persons hastily gathered in a Friends Meeting House, which proved to be an appropriate setting. Most of them spoke when the spirit moved them and many encountered the mysterious Robert's Rules of Order for the first time. They devoted the first two hours to a jumbled debate on a motion to exclude the news media. One earnest delegate from Marin County commented, "This is contrary to everything we stand for." But another, trembling with sincere animosity, said, "We should kick the press out and later give the reporters only what we want them to know." Finally, they reached a compromise whereby reporters were to be banned from the initial session, but admitted later. Except, that is, for TV: the delegates agreed that the presence of cameras inhibited frank discussion. As it turned out the argument was premature; the press ignored the session.

In the argot of the hippies, the temporary chairman said: "We'll just rap around for a while, get acquainted, and shed some of our hostilities." A sympathetic observer, evidently gifted with extrasensory perception, reported that the "rap around" interlude served "to define, clarify, sort out and give priorities to a multitude of issues," which nevertheless remained nebulous, unranked and unclarified. The problems of homosexuals got sympathetic attention. It was agreed they were discriminated against, along with students, women and the poor. Vietnam was scarcely discussed, perhaps because there were no differences to provoke comment. The session devoted several hours to "the movement for black liberation," but the only tangible result of the meeting was the appointment of a steering committee to prepare another planning session which, in turn, would work out the specifics of a state convention.

The Peace and Freedom Party totally rejects the war in Vietnam and strongly identifies with the struggle of the blacks, but it also represents a third impulse which may in the long run prove equally significant. That impulse is a flat rejection of conventional two-party politics and a disaffection with "liberal materialism." The movement has the potential to become the base of a new and revitalized Left in the United States to counterbalance the extreme Right. But despite its unexpected success in becoming a legal political party, the Peace and Freedom Party has today an aura of surrealism. It is principally white and middle class; it has no working-class base and its connection with the black community and other minority groups is tenuous.

The party's attitude toward the old Left is one of bored tolerance, but nothing succeeds like success, and since January 2 the handful of public Communists in California have been circling around the Peace and Freedom Party, offering their counsel as elder statesmen of political adversity and ostracism. They began with a *mea culpa* in the *People's World.* Last spring in California, talk of a third party on the Left had met with amused disbelief that anything much could be accomplished. "Among those who held these views," said the *People's World,* "were representatives of the Marxist Left, including members of the Communist Party." That was a mistake, the paper concluded, and explained that Communists, working fraternally within the Peace and Freedom Party, could have nudged the party along in the proper direction. They "could have pointed out to third party activists and Democrats alike the complementary nature—in the immediate future—of this third-party drive and the California Democratic Council-sponsored Peace and Equality slate." Briefly put, a united front against the war in Vietnam could have been formed with

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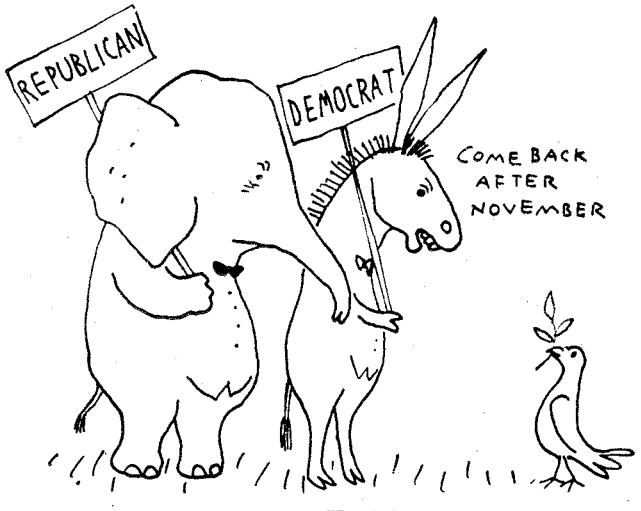
anti-war Democrats, an echo bouncing across the years from the 1930s.

Peace and Freedom leaders, "doing their own thing," are tuned out to the message. When aging Communists and well-meaning liberals of FDR vintage attempt to talk coalition politics with them, their eyes glaze. The Communist appeal for cooperation with all anti-war movements brought this comment from one of the Peace and Freedom recruits: "To many who have participated in the successful Peace and Freedom campaign this will seem like the impossible riding of two horses going in different directions and may lead to a continued isolation of the C.P. from the peace party."

Shunting the Communists aside, not from any fear of association but because they see communism as square, Peace and Freedom leaders are regarded as a little square themselves by many of the black militants whom they court. The party wants to broaden its appeal by engaging



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

the active support of the blacks, and they have had a limited success, despite their rupture with a black caucus last September in San Luis Obispo. At the party's first organizing conference, the blacks, following the example set at the New Politics convention in Chicago (see *The Nation,* September 25) demanded 50 per cent of the voting strength. When this demand was rejected, the blacks walked out. The few Communists who were present, accusing the peace party organizers of racism, also withdrew. Since then, the Peace and Freedom leadership has made continuous overtures to the blacks, joining, for example, in the defense of a Black Panther Party member accused of murder. While many militant Negroes spurn electoral politics, they are willing to cooperate with radical whites on the basis of Stokely Carmichael's dictum of specific coalitions for specific purposes.

If Peace and Freedom leaders, as surprised as anyone else by their recent success, have yet to devise a specific program, the American Independent Party, defining the central issue as "the power of government to compel social change," outlines a simple, four-point policy: defense of individual property rights, local control of schools, maintenance of law and order, and the right of labor unions to decide their own patterns of seniority. All this reduces itself to opposition to black demands for equality; in brief, racism. Property rights means the right to exclude blacks from owning property in white residential neighborhoods; local control of schools means segregation on the basis of color; law and order means suppression of black riots; union seniority means exclusion of blacks from equal treatment by unions. A strong current of neo-America First isolationist sentiment divides AIP supporters on the war in Vietnam. To them, the great issues are race and the power of the "liberal establishment," as they view it, to force social change.

Youngsters who will vote for the first time this year make up perhaps 30 per cent of the Peace and Freedom Party. Spin-offs from the liberal California Democratic Council and miscellaneous older radicals make up the remainder of the 90,000 registrations claimed by the party. The disgruntled and fearful middle-aged dominate the Wallace rallies in California, although all Wallace supporters cannot be put into this category or necessarily be labeled extremists. Many business and professional men of seemingly moderate views favor him, and he has been warmly received by several civic groups, including the prestigious Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.

Wallace has drawn heavily for leadership in California on ultraconservative Republicans, who have found even Ronald Reagan too liberal. A half dozen members of the Republican State Central Committee have defected to Wallace, and more members of other Republican organizations are likely to follow. Wallace's biggest concentration of strength is in Los Angeles County. When his party registration reached 71,000 in December, 33,000 signatures had been obtained in Los Angeles County and 17,000 in other Southern California areas. At that point, the AIP had 12,000 registrants in the Central Valley and mountain counties, but was weakest in the San Francisco Bay area, with 9,000 registrations. Wallace's total now approaches 100,000, but his relative strength in various areas of the state remains the same. In one small community of south central Los Angeles Co., Bell Gardens, the AIP outnumbers the major parties in registered voters. The figures are: AIP, 3,058; Democratic, 2,875; Republican, 1,291. Wallace scored his greatest success in white working-class residential areas adjacent to the black ghettos. Where Wallace is weakest, around San Francisco, the Peace and Freedom Party makes its greatest appeal, registering some 40,000 voters, a figure about equal to the number obtained in the more heavily populated Los Angeles Co. The Berkeley campus of the University of California, with 5,000 registrations, is Peace and Freedom territory. Aside from the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, adherents to the party are scattered thinly about the state.

Wallace makes his greatest mass appeal in California to transplanted Southerners, who are Democrats in name only. They generally are more conservative than the average California Republican, and bring with them their conventional racial prejudices. In moments of optimism, Wallace supporters dream of a new political combination

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in this country, an alliance of the South with the industrial workers of the North. While the writings of Walter Lippmann are infrequently displayed on the coffee tables of Wallace supporters, they have read with generous approval his recent article predicting the smash-up of the New Deal coalition of workers and minority groups (see also "The New Tide of National Politics" by Edward Schneier; *The Nation,* January 22). Wallace says his candidacy will hurt both major parties equally, but in California he is likely to take more votes from Republicans than from Democrats. A hard-line conservative Republican predicts that if his party runs a liberal candidate for President, Wallace "will take the entire right wing of the party and will run ahead of the Republican candidate" in California. The wish may be the father to that unkind thought, but there is no doubt that the Alabamian arouses a rumbling growl of approval from the right wing.

Neither the Peace and Freedom Party nor the AIP expects a large part of its following to defect to the major parties when the chips are down in November, and both discount the twenty-year-old precedent of Henry Wallace and the Independent Progressive Party. At the last moment, much of Henry Wallace's support flopped over to Truman. This history may not repeat, for today dissidents both Left and Right are more thoroughly disaffected from "the system," because of the war and racial rebellion, than were the progressives and the South two decades ago. Sighting from diametrically opposed positions, Left and Right nevertheless agree that they find great difficulty in detecting any difference between the positions of the major parties.

Wallace supporters will exert what influence they have solely through his candidacy for President. The Peace and Freedom Party will nominate a Presidential candidate, but also plans to enter candidates for local, county and state offices. This will probably require a court challenge of the state election code, which states that a party's candidate must have been a member of that party, and no other, for twelve months prior to filing for office.

Whatever difficulties they face, the two new parties have no monopoly on problems. Since 1964, California Democrats have groped, grouped and regrouped in wild confusion. The volunteer California Democratic Council has split from the regular organization and is about ready to announce its anti-Johnson peace slate of delegates for the National Democratic Convention. Last month, the CDC endorsed Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Attorney General Thomas Lynch, the only Democrat in a state-wide office to survive Reagan in 1966, will head the pro-Johnson delegation. If Lynch can fit together a happy group, including such feuding figures as former Gov. Pat Brown and Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, he will have accomplished one of the neater political tricks of the year. (The division in the Democratic Party is exemplified in the former Governor's family. While Brown will be on the regular delegation, his son, Edmund, Jr., is a member of the CDC peace slate.) It is not at all certain that the regular slate will be able to defeat the CDC delegation, particularly if McCarthy's campaign produces any enthusiasm.

On the Republican side, Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel has been running for renomination for the past year, and Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been pacing back and forth in his office, hooting at him. Reagan, intent on parlaying his 1966 triumph into the Republican Presidential nomination, wants to avoid a disruptive party struggle, but he has not had much luck in trying to quiet Rafferty. A Rafferty-Kuchel brawl will be a test of the ultra-Right's strength in California.

Theodore Roosevelt's old epithet, "lunatic fringe," is usually applied in this country to any departure from the political norm. But if splinter-party efforts, whatever their origin and philosophy, take on that quality, they may have come by it quite naturally from the lunatic Center, which usually shoves aside debate over great issues like war and race in favor of electioneering razzle-dazzle. The growing distrust of politics in American life, particularly among the young and the minority groups, is hardly evidence of mental instability.

THE BLACK HESSIANS

CHARLES R. EISENDRATH

Mr. Eisendrath is a reporter on the Baltimore Evening Sun. *He has recently returned from army training in the Maryland National Guard.*

Along with new assault helicopters, new infantry tactics and new questions about victory and defeat, the "New Kind of War" in Vietnam has bred a new kind of American soldier.

He has been extracted from the urban Negro ghetto by choice, chance and policy, and is being psychologically custom tailored for his war. The result is a semi-mercenary, fighting a campaign characterized by critics and advocates alike as carrying overtones of colonialism, in effect, if not intention. And, like his war, the new kind of American soldier responds to analysis by shattering into paradox.

His family and neighbors of civilian life mount the most militant reform movement in recent American history—one which in annual, incandescent fury flattens whole precincts—but abroad he fights the most conservative of wars. He fights, moreover, as a volunteer—a professional—returning for more than his share of front-line duty in numbers proportionately far greater than his white comrades.

Consequently, he dies in greater numbers. Department of Defense figures indicate that he dies almost twice as fast in the army as he should, statistically. Twelve per cent of the army in Vietnam are Negroes. Twenty-one per

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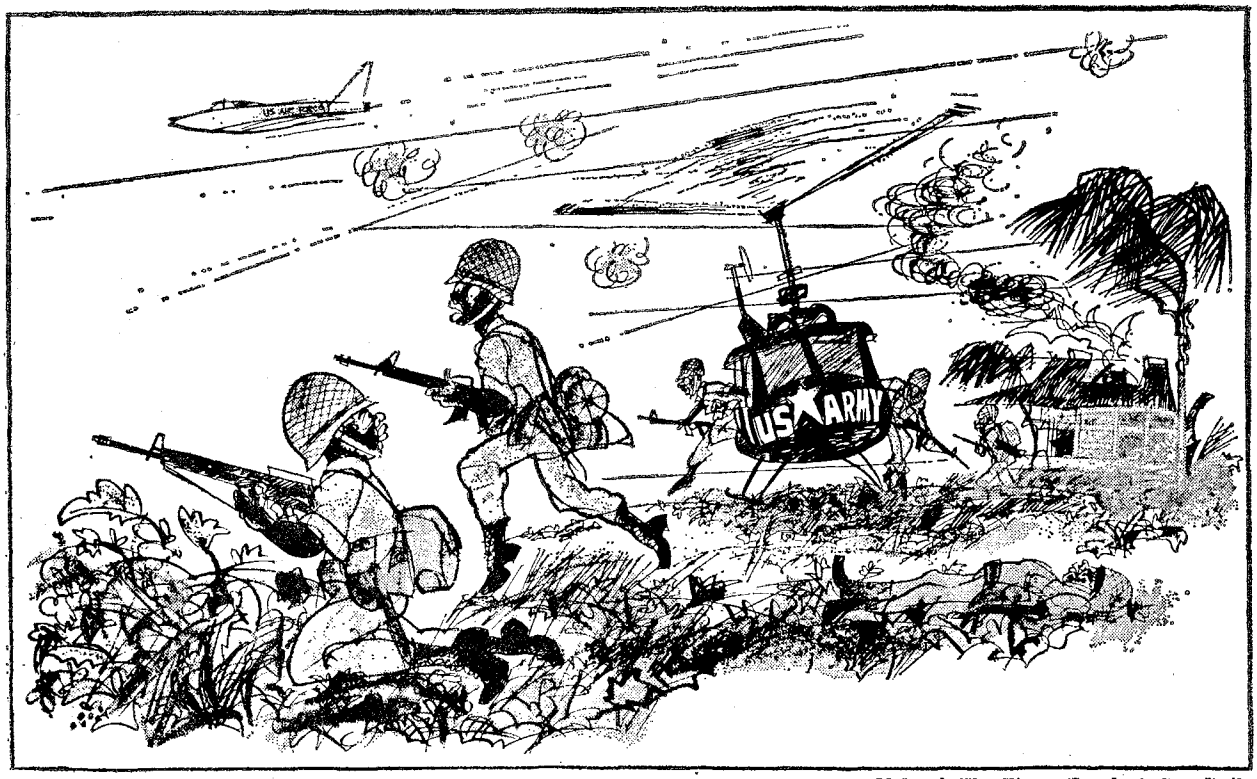

Mahood, The Times (London): Ben Roth

"This Is Proving To Be Excellent Training for Civilian Life"

cent of army deaths by hostile action in Vietnam from January 1, 1961, through July 1, 1967, were Negro deaths.

What brings this poor man—this revolutionary—to fight what *New York Times* columnist James Reston and others have called "a poor man's war"? What makes him re-enlist after fulfilling his military obligation? It becomes clear during interviews that he finds in the Vietnamese War many of the attractions that poor men have always found in fighting rich men's battles.

It is ironic that in this country, where textbooks traditionally malign "The Hessians," hired by George III to fight rebellious colonists, the low-income Negro-turned-soldier increasingly resembles a "Black Hessian." As a hired gun, the Black Hessian, in his own version of army lingo, "re-ups for the benefits." These are considerable. They range from money, security and pensions to some of the goals his civilian neighbors march, demonstrate and destroy to achieve. Nobody seriously argues today that the army—especially the fighting army—throws many obstacles in the path of Negro advancement through the ranks. On the contrary, the nation's largest and only compulsory service is widely cited as its most democratic bureaucracy. Besides equal opportunity and prestige literally wearable on the sleeve, the Black Hessian's hierarchy of benefits includes money—quite a bit of it.

Within two years—when the draftee must "re-up" or get out—an 18-year-old unemployed and possibly "unemployable" Negro from ghetto streets can be making in the normal course of combat more than is earned by the average American male aged 20 to 24 of any race, and almost as much as a newly commissioned second lieutenant. Another three years puts him a full 56 per cent ahead of the average earnings among his Negro age group in civilian life. These relative advances don't take into consideration fringe benefits like free medical attention, clothes and PX prices. And the benefits don't stop with active duty. The Black Hessian can retire in twenty years with a pension—and probably a trade.

Soldiering was made to taste still sweeter last December by the third major Army pay raise since 1965, when the U.S. began its massive build-up for Vietnam. The 5.6 per cent hike lifted basic pay about 25 per cent above 1964 levels—a rate of increase that almost tripled the cost of living climb in the same period. "The raises," remarked an urbane officer attached to the Comptroller of the Army, have been designed "to keep our qualified personnel in the service."

Sgt. Lawyer Jenkins understands all this very well. At 29 and lacking a high school diploma, he looks forward to signing another three-year hitch this year with something of the attitude of a corporation junior vice president facing transfer from New York's glamour to a higher paying job in Peoria. He stands to leave his soft job stateside as a drill sergeant for a fighting job in Vietnam, and he isn't crazy about the idea. As he enjoyed telling his platoon of basic "trainees," he considers himself "a lover, babe, ain't no fighter." Nevertheless, Jenkins, who has repeatedly failed the officer's candidate school test, will "go if they need me."

"They" do. Unable or unwilling to hire enough allied troops with military aid, the United States has come increasingly to press the war with the Lawyer Jenkinses of its manpower pool. His casualties are high, said an army spokesman, because he picks professional line outfits—the Airborne, the Rangers, the Special Forces—to get

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hazardous duty pay on top of combat pay on top of regular pay, which he considers not bad to begin with. As Jenkins put it: "Where else could I have it this good, man? I'm up tight right here!"

What better attitude could there be in the bosom of a man about to enter a fight with few rules, uncertain backing, and no goals other than to get out of it as soon as possible? Largely without the preconceived notions of world politics that the more fortunate pick up in school or in the press, the Black Hessian is ready to accept the army version—so long as the "benefits is good."

But there are factors beside benefits in the genesis of the Black Hessian. A thicket of prevailing social conditions and deliberate governmental policy brings him from the ghetto to his first confrontation with a drill sergeant—who is often someone very like himself, a Lawyer Jenkins.

Given an initial inclination to stay clear of the army during an unpopular war, any man's route into the service depends to a great degree upon his wherewithal and savvy. The ghetto dweller faces mountainous disadvantages by comparison with the rest of his draft-bait generation in avoiding the military in general, the war in particular. He doesn't go to college, hasn't mastered a critical trade, and hasn't studied the fine points of physical defects and hardship clauses, all of which can lead either to exemption from military duty, or to soft, behind-the-lines jobs once in it.

Moreover, the low-income Negro's inferior education leaves him unarmed against a skillful recruiter's shower of carrots and sticks. Available for dangling before recruits' eyes are, first of all, the purse, privileges and promotions aforementioned. Then comes the sleeper—"Choice, Not Chance," indicating that volunteering enables the recruit to select his assignment.

The selection costs a year and doesn't buy much. The signer often gains little more choice than appears at the finger tips of his brother who gets drafted for two years. "This man's army" differs very little in that respect from "This man's father's army." The infantry is still full of men who raised their hands to become clerks.

At recruiters' desks and at reception centers, the ghetto man's education points him toward the rice paddies. Tests given at both places determine where the army will use a man, and since the Negro is disadvantaged in general background, verbal skills and vocational training, he falls flat—which is to say he falls into the infantry —"Queen of Battle."

These factors do not imply a diabolical racist plot, as some super-militants of the civil rights movement suggest. They simply result from the confrontation of a socially isolated group with the demands of a war nobody wants to fight. Nobody, that is, with anything to lose.

The National Guardsman is the archetypal soldier with something to lose. If he didn't think his civilian position worth some sacrifice why wouldn't he submit to the draft and get it over with in two years, instead of prolonging the agony over six, in periodic parodies of martial rigor? Only by joining reserve programs can young men satisfy civilian ambitions and military obligations simultaneously.

It was the Guardsman who met the potential Black Hessian in the streets of Detroit, Milwaukee and Newark last summer. And the supreme irony of the confrontation was that in many instances the Negroes failed to realize who he was, or that they "could take his route" instead of going to "Nam" in his place. The sniper, the brick thrower, the looter, simply doesn't know who he's up against—doesn't know that the man with the bayonet or the obsolete M-1 on Main Street will probably never fight much farther away from home. If the connection were made, the riots might be worse.

One example of Negro ignorance on this score is a young Negro enlistee who went AWOL from Ft. Dix last July to be in his home town of Newark for the riots. Minster Hoops is a man of considerable verve and humor. He took his buddies' orders for color television sets before he left—and he filled them.

But for all Hoops's ghetto savvy, he returned to the barracks full of naive questions. Taking a white Guardsman aside, Hoops had asked him about his unit. Was it really never going to Vietnam? Was the period of active duty really less than six months? Hearing the answers, the Negro's face contorted in a smile bitter as a virgin's first taste of ignorance.

"Whitey wouldn't never tell us nothin' 'bout that thing, would he?" he hissed. Hoops had never heard of the Army National Guard, nor the Army Reserve, nor the Air National Guard, nor the Coast Guard Reserve—programs that shield hundreds of thousands of young men from the Vietnamese War—and Hoops's ignorance is typical. Failure of communication probably goes as far as discrimination to explain the Guard's lily-white status.

The riots merely compound the ironies. Uprisings in the ghetto lead to campaigns to preserve the Guard, as Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara learned when he first tried to reorganize it. In an age when local political capital can be accumulated by handling a riot with the "home guard" instead of the federal troops, municipal and state leaders argue the riots necessitate leaving the Guard intact. Gov. George Romney of Michigan apparently thought the distinction between federal and home troops vital enough to hesitate precious minutes as Detroit burned before reluctantly sounding the alarm that brought in Maj. Gen. John Throckmorton's 82nd Airborne to bolster the sagging, ill-disciplined Michigan National Guard.

Finally in the making of the Black Hessian there is the Selective Service law itself. Renewed largely unamended last year despite considerable flap, the draft's increased calls reflect the decision not to summon the reserves, and not to do away with deferments for the highly vocal college students.

Unable to skim the cream by eliminating deferments, the draft sank its tap into the silent, dark dregs. In December, 1966, Mr. McNamara announced the "liberalization" of qualifying mental aptitude scores for induction into the army. Thousands of low-income Negroes previously protected by their own ignorance now felt the weight—and learned of the opportunities—of the New Kind of War in Vietnam. The raising of the Black Hessians was under way, and continues.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Primer for Revolutionary Guerrillas

REVOLUTION IN THE REVOLUTION? Armed Struggle and Political Struggle in Latin America. *By Régis Debray. Translated by Bobbye Ortiz. Monthly Review Press. 126 pp. $4. Grove Press. $1.95 paper.*

EQBAL AHMAD

Mr. Ahmad, a Pakistani citizen, is assistant professor at the School of Labor and Industrial Relations, Cornell University. He spent two and a half years in North Africa (1960-63), first as a Rockefeller Fellow and later as associate director of the International Cultural Center. His piece on guerrilla warfare, "How to Tell the Rebels Have Won," appeared in The Nation, *August 30, 1965.*

It is an irritating, inspiring and saddening book. Nothing I have read in recent years conveys more vividly the hopes, the despair, the courage and the utter confusion of radicals in the Third World, particularly in Latin America. It is written by a young French intellectual of romantic disposition whose chief revolutionary experience, until the publication of this book, had been a sojourn in independent Cuba and acquaintance with Major Castro. The Cuban revolution influenced his theory; Castro encouraged its publication; his government initially assured its wide distribution. Later, Debray went to Bolivia as a journalist, joined Che, was arrested by the military, and has been sentenced to thirty years in prison. Had it not been for his important associations, this book would probably have attracted little serious attention as a theoretical work except by polemicists keen to engage in a debate.

It is not an easy book to summarize. Its most remarkable qualities—deep commitment, stirring romanticism, concern with the transformation of men into human, poetic, heroic figures—cannot be summarized. Furthermore, it is part panegyric and polemical, although mainly programmatic—theoretical if you wish. The underlying panegyric is for Castro. The polemics are against Latin American parties—Communists, Trotskyists. Reformists all!—who claim to be revolutionary but are actually selling out to and begging to be co-opted by the capitalist establishment. The theory paves the Latin road to revolution. These three elements are closely linked and interdependent.

The basic framework within which this book moves concerns the uniqueness of the "tactical content" of the Cuban among modern revolutions, and its importance as a model for Latin America. Debray believes that the Russian, Chinese and Vietnamese revolutions are poor examples for South American countries because each revolution must respond to its regional and national peculiarities. Learning from foreign examples can cost dearly through the adoption of tactics unsuited to local conditions. Hence, "one may consider it a stroke of good luck that Fidel had not read the military writings of Mao Tse-tung before disembarking on the coast of Oriente. . . ." Debray continues: "But once again in Latin America, militants are reading Fidel's speeches and Che Guevara's writings with eyes that have already read Mao on the anti-Japanese war, Giap, and certain texts of Lenin—and they recognize the latter in the former. Classical visual superimpositions, but dangerous, since the Latin American revolutionary war possesses highly special and profoundly distinct conditions of development which can only be discovered through a particular experience. In that sense, all the theoretical works on peoples war do as much harm as good."

Cuba under Batista, then, is assumed to represent conditions analogous to the rest of Latin America with the exception, perhaps, of Uruguay, the only country Debray identifies as one where "conditions for armed struggle do not exist at present." He speaks of but does not discuss the "objective and subjective" conditions of revolution. The existence of objective conditions is assumed, as is the commonality of political, social and economic configurations in Latin America. (From his examples it appears that he is concerned mainly with the Andean region.) The formation of subjective conditions, he presumes, will be hastened by the creation of guerrilla "*focos*" that will "cut off any possible retreat by declaring a war to the death." More disappointing is his admitted inability to come to grips with the Cuban revolution. In the introduction he decries the current clichés," the "flagrant oversights," the "conjuring trick" of "reducing" Cuba to a "golden legend"; makes a passionate plea against overlooking "the essential, the complex reality of the Cuban insurrectional process," its "inner working," its "how rather than the surface glitter." But, he adds with characteristic integrity, the "continuing lack of detailed history of the Cuban insurrectional process . . . constrains us to reduce our references to allusions whereas what is needed is a systematic investigation."

On the basis of these allusions and in the absence of any systematic comparisons between Cuba and other American nations, we are given a certain prescription for revolution which inverts the process of revolutionary warfare, flies in the face of past theory no less than practice, and even contradicts the earlier views of America's most articulate theorist of revolutionary war—Che Guevara.

Despite its faults as a theory of revolution, it is an important book, and not only as the latest formulation of Castroism. As an expression of the thirst after freedom from U.S. domination, the search for sovereignty and social justice, it is a touchstone of Latin aspirations. Its rejection of the traditional leftist parties as instruments of self-seeking politicians will appeal to the youth alienated by the sad performance of their elders. Above all, the tactical model which Debray eloquently outlines has a certain congruence with the psychological make-up and political culture of Latin America. One is reminded of the sacrificial heroisms of the Spanish Civil War; and of bullfights and matadors. There is the stress on individuals as units of action, the passion for living heightening the fascination with death, a profound sense of loneliness, enormous courage and unrelenting heroism. In this cultural symmetry lies perhaps the strength and popularity of *Revolution in the Revolution?*. Therein lies too the assurance that the legend of Che Guevara will grow among the people of Latin America and take its place second only to Bolivar's.

The core of Debray's tactical model is his stress on the primacy of military *foco* (a Spanish word used to describe the unitary focus of guerrilla operation) in the formative stages of an armed revolution. He believes that only a mobile, flexible, aggressive *foco* can create the conditions for gaining mass support and for political organizing. By inflicting losses on government forces it will subvert the legitimacy of the system, end the peasants' habit of obedience to it, and will eventually provide the protective shield necessary for organizing the mass. Successful military action "catalyzes the people's energy and transforms the foco into a pole of attraction." The best form of political work is armed attack on the enemy. De-

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bray states: "The destruction of a troop transport truck or the public execution of a police torturer is more effective propaganda than a hundred speeches. . . . The agitational and propagandistic impact resides in this very concentration of effects. A significant detail: *during two years of warfare, Fidel did not hold a single political rally in his zone of operations.*" [Italics added.]

He draws a contrast with Vietnam: "Whereas in Vietnam the military pyramid of the liberation forces is built from the base up, in Latin America . . . it tends to be built from the apex down—the permanent forces first (the foco), then the semi-regular forces in the vicinity of the foco, and lastly or after victory (Cuba) the militia." This, Debray rightly claims, is a radical departure from the insurrectional process observable in China, Vietnam and Algeria; it also inverts the theories of such men as Mao, Giap and even Lenin. This view leads to the reversal of the stages of revolutionary development not only in the military but also in the political and organizational aspects of revolutionary warfare. The incumbent government is outfought before it is outadministered. The military factor takes precedence over the political. Tactical considerations must precede questions of overall strategy. Political parties cannot initiate the guerrilla movement; rather, the guerrillas later galvanize into a party, and establish a Socialist state. The guerrilla (operational) and political leadership must be combined in the same man.

During the initial stage of insurrection, the most important factors in insuring the security and success of the *foco* are aggressiveness, mobility and secrecy (about its whereabouts, strength and supplies). It must also be concerned with the safety of the population within the zone of operations. These basic requirements of survival and success define the *foco's* relationship to the population, as well as its military and political style. Debray makes a convincing case against armed self-defense. He points out that in Colombia and Bolivia armed zones of peasant and workers' self-defense were defeated, in 1964 and 1965 respectively, with substantial losses to the population. He writes poignantly of the tragic isolation of Bolivian miners in revolt; in a hostile, cold, arid milieu, the scattered miners were starved, surrounded and subjugated, one isolated community after another. Unless it results from guerrilla victory and is protected by a mobile front, a self-defense zone will be isolated and destroyed or, left to itself, will be institutionalized and atrophied. "The failure of armed self-defense of the masses," says Debray, "corresponds on the military level to the failure of reformism on the political level."

Equally cogent are his arguments against guerrilla base areas whose establishment demands a combination of favorable circumstances—extensive territory without modern roads and rails, high population density, common border with a friendly country, weak enemy air power, numerical weakness of government forces—none of which is present in Latin America. Hence, during "the initial stage, the base support is in the guerrilla fighter's knapsack." The only viable alternative, then, is the mobile *foco* "independent of the civilian population, in action as well as in military organization; consequently it need not assume the direct defense of the peasant population. The protection of the population depends on the progressive destruction of the enemy's military potential; . . . if the principal objective of a revolutionary guerrilla force is the destruction of the enemy's potential, it cannot wait for the enemy to approach before taking the initiative. . . . In every case this objective requires that the guerrilla foco be independent of the families residing within the zone of operations."

Debray's *foco* theory does not reject organic ties with the civilians simply for the fear of exposing them to governmental repression, although it is undoubtedly the most attractive aspect of his study. Nor is it only a matter of concern with achieving maximum mobility and initiative. One discovers something deeper and disturbing—an awareness of distance from if not exactly a distrust of the rural population, an unadmitted estimation that the objective conditions for revolution do not exist in Latin America, total disbelief in the political processes and existing political parties as possible instruments for independence and social revolution and, above all, a desperate drive to create the revolutionary environment through armed action and thus to defeat the increasing interests of the U.S.

The *foco* is not only organically distinct but is also isolated from the population. Says Debray: "Various considerations of common sense necessitate wariness toward the civilian population and the maintenance of a certain aloofness." (He explains, however, that "this vigilance does not necessarily mean mistrust.") This feeling of isolation, as well as his estimation of the revolutionary environment, are most clearly expressed in the chapter on "Armed Propaganda." The *foco* begins in sparsely populated, highly dispersed regions because, he says, "no new arrival goes unnoticed in an Andean Village. . . . Above all else, a stranger inspires distrust. The Quechua or Cakchiquel (Mayan) peasants have good reason to distrust the 'outsider,' the 'white man.' . . ."

While arguing against involvement, during the first stages of insurrection, in political work among peasants, Debray indicates that the local governments enjoy legitimacy (he does not use this word; I am using it in the passive sense of legitimacy by tradition or by default) in the rural areas, while peasants regard the revolutionaries as alien. These passages are crucial to understanding his theory and deserve to be discussed at length:

> *The poor peasant believes, first of all, in anyone who has a certain power, beginning with the power to do what he says. The system of oppression is subtle: It has existed from time immemorial, fixed, entrenched, and solid. The army, the guardia rural, the latifundista's private police, or nowadays the Green Berets and Rangers, enjoy a prestige all the greater for being subconscious. This prestige constitutes the principal form of oppression. . . . The neo-colonial ideal is still to show force in order not to have to use it, but to show it is in effect to use it.* [Italics added.]

The guerrillas are not dealing in Latin America "with a foreign expeditionary force, with limited manpower, but with a well established system of local domination. *They* [the guerrillas] *themselves are the foreigners, lacking status, who at the beginning offer the populace nothing but bloodshed and pain.*" [Italics added.]

Also, incumbent regimes have been greatly improving their control, facilities, instruments of repression, and even their adjustive mechanisms. Highways have greatly expanded, skirting the jungle, and linking up countries and capitals; airstrips spot the formerly impenetrable tropical zones. United States sociologists and economists have been mapping out man and his milieu in detail, making available to their government employers hitherto unknown information. "Thousands of Peace Corpsmen have succeeded in integrating themselves in rural areas—some of them by dint of hard work, patience and at times real sacrifice—where they profit by the lack of political work by left-wing organizations. Even the most remote regions are today teeming with Catholic, Evangelical, Methodist, and Seventh-Day Adventist missionaries. In a word, all these close-knit networks of control strengthen the national machinery of domination." And of course, there are the special forces trained and equipped for counterinsurgency.

Three interdependent points emerge from the above quotations: (*1*) Debray's high estimation of the entrenched nature and increasing effectiveness of government control in rural areas; (*2*) his stress on power rather

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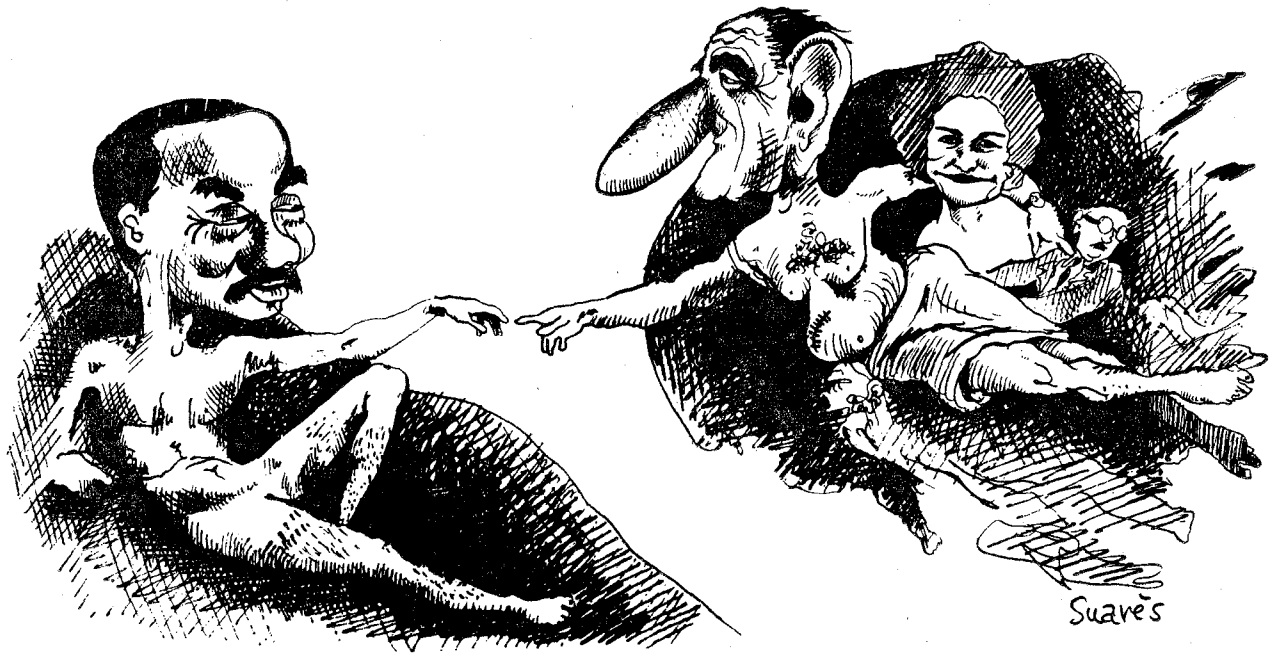

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than on the revolutionary process ("disorienting social processes" in the "scientific" jargon) and the concomitant belief that the peasants' acceptance of government is based mainly on fear of its coercive apparatus; (*3*) his view that the revolutionary elite is considered alien by the peasantry, and that there is between them no commonality of interest on the basis of which a political hookup could occur. I do not know much about Latin America. Therefore, I cannot judge the validity of these assumptions; but it seems to me that although the *foco* theory is derived from the Cuban model, the above assumptions logically lead, given commitment to revolution, to its generalization for all South America; those not inexorably committed to seizure of power would probably seek different routes to sharing it.

The belief that peasant cooperation with the government results from the fear of its coercive power, leads logically to the primacy of the military *foco* as a means for subverting the government's legitimacy. As Debray says, "unassailability cannot be challenged by words. In order to destroy the idea of unassailability—that age old accumulation of fear and humility . . . there is nothing better than combat." The feeling of isolation, of being considered alien by the peasantry, must necessarily mean that guerrillas, for their own survival, must avoid the populace until they believe they have proved their armed superiority over incumbent forces. Hence Debray's initial rejection of political work, including "armed propaganda," in villages; hence, too, the deep fear of betrayal, suspicion of every liaison man (peasant or guerrilla) as a potential traitor, and the three "golden rules"—constant vigilance, constant mistrust, constant mobility. (Contrast these with the famous Three Tasks of the Army, The Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points of Attention.) A combination of the three views understandably produces a theory of revolutionary despair which relegates politics to a secondary position; says Debray: "The main point is that under present conditions the most important form of propaganda is military action . . . . Given the social, ideological and psychological conditions of the peasantry in the majority of Latin American countries, given the diverse intelligence agencies at the enemy's disposal (strongly reinforced since the Cuban Revolution), an agitational group whether armed or not will be watched, uncovered and liquidated; in embryo if necessary."

Debray's arguments regarding the relationship between parties and the guerrillas are predictable. All forms of Reformism have failed in South America and any political line which "is not susceptible to expression as a precise and consistent military line, cannot be considered revolutionary." "Who will make the revolution in Latin America? Who?" asks Castro, and replies: "The people, the revolutionaries, with or without party." Debray charges that Communist parties in Latin America lack the tradition, courage and leadership to think about a seizure of power. Like other legal organizations they suffer from bureaucratization, obsessive pursuit of alliances and political bargaining, electoral maneuvers, old-style leadership, and traditional ideological reflexes. As they are constituted today they are unfit for the "New Dialectic of Tasks."

The setting up of military, not political *focos* is decisive for the future, and this task cannot be entrusted, Debray argues at length, to a party or front which, being urban-based, is neither politically nor organizationally nor morally equipped to direct the guerrillas. "In most countries where conditions for armed struggle exist it is possible to move from a military *foco* to a political *foco* but to move in the opposite direction is virtually impossible." The party, then, cannot create or lead the guerrilla force. Rather, the guerrilla force under a centralized command will beget an eventual party: "The Vanguard party can exist in the form of guerrilla foco itself. The guerrilla force is the party in embryo." Debray seems very confident that the *foco* forms the natural nucleus for the development of party; his arguments are sadly reminiscent of the earnest, confident assertions and promises one heard in Ghardimou and Oujda from officers and men of the Algerian liberation army.

Debray's rhapsodizing about the virtuosity of life in the mountain, its liberating, resuscitating effects on man ["Class egoism does not long endure"; "Petty bourgeois psychology melts like snow under the summer sun"; "Bureaucratic faint-heartedness becomes irrelevant"; "Where better than in the guerrilla army could this shedding of skin and this resurrection take place"] is charming and familiar; his sense of wonderment at the courage and self-sacrifice of the guerrillas is understandable. But personal virtues and even group experiences do not easily transfer to national and public institutions. And statements such as "When the guerrilla army assumes the prerogatives of political leadership, it is responding to its class content and anticipating tomorrow's dangers. It alone can guarantee that the people's power will not be perverted after victory . . . " are too sweeping.

A thousand or so guerrillas did not make possible Cuba's transition from liberation to socialism; the post-Liberation alliance with Communists probably did. Today the specter of a stagnant, bureaucratizing Algeria under the liberation army haunts us. Without an operative commitment to a functioning and consistent ideology, and without institutions that would insure a degree of adherence to the principle of accountability, even guerrilla leaders can degenerate into self-seeking politicians, or the people's army can become a self-perpetuating junta.

As a theory *Revolution in the Revolution?* is radical but wrong. It corresponds closely to the theory of revolutionary warfare favored in Washington. It views revolutionary war "in its formative stages," as essentially in military terms. The civilian population is ignored until after a certain success has been achieved. Government's legitimacy is viewed in terms of coercion; hence military action becomes the chief instrument of subversion. The revolutionaries, considered "outsiders" by the population, tend to view the civilians as spectators who will join the winning side.

At places the coincidence of official American opinions with Debray's formulations are startling. When W. W. Rostow made his famous statement that

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the guerrillas enjoyed considerable advantage over the government because "its task is merely to destroy while the government must build and protect . . . " those who knew something about revolutionary warfare laughed at him. Debray, to my knowledge, is the first revolutionary writer to agree with Rostow: "The government must, since it is the government, protect everywhere the interests of the property owners; the guerrilleros do not have to protect anything anywhere."

These similarities between a revolutionary and counterrevolutionary theory are not coincidental. They stem from the fact that both start with the same basic assumptions about the nature of guerrilla warfare. Debray's *"foco,"* I am afraid, is a tailor's fit for the American counterinsurgency program. Che Guevara's Bolivian campaign was an example of the pitfalls of the *foco* theory; it also proved how successful counterinsurgency can be against this kind of adventure.

I should quote Debray with strong agreement: "When the list of martyrs grows long, when every act of courage is converted into martyrdom, it is because something is wrong. And it is just as much a moral duty to seek out the causes as it is to pay homage to the murdered, imprisoned comrades."

A Most Uncommon Reader

COLLECTED ESSAYS. *By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. 4 vols. $5.95 each.*

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World.

While the products of creativity are generous, the state of creativity seems invidious when it is not incommunicable. Muttering darkly to herself in *A Writer's Diary,* Virginia Woolf almost conveys this painful state; but in her essays, whenever she appears before the public as Novelist Proper, she is constricted, confined like other dignitaries to either sententious or sublime gestures. And yet, no writer perhaps has ever met the same public more easily in the guise of Common Reader.

The critical statements of all novelists, of course, are oddly interesting, as a way of watching their efficient biases at work. Like mice looking for seeds in sawdust, they sift materials unerringly for those bits upon which their own talents may feed. But Virginia Woolf, whom we equate loosely with subjectivity, read books the way all we blotters read, with the impersonal, eclectic and passive motive of pleasure. Writing a novel was like being locked in a cell, a necessary but excruciating self-absorption. Reading was being let out. Gradually, her own imagination merged with the possibility of madness, and the imagination of others with sanity. When, as Leonard Woolf has reported, doctors suggested equanimity as they might suggest an ice pack or a Bandaid, she grew afraid of herself, and turned that poor long head of hers away from its first work. She thought to save herself by reading, and by writing quick, short, rational, "serene" articles—in fact, celestial book reviews.

Even earlier, in comparative health, she had divided existence neatly, as she divided Roger Fry, into "reason and sensibility," and respected both faculties. If anything, she respected the critical faculty more, since she felt it to be the weaker in herself. Her parents, the Leslie Stephens, had invited all the academic brains to dinner, where their daughter heard them, over fresh salmon, at their most sprightly and benign. Perversely, she continued to feel untrained for not having heard them in front of their blackboards.

She retained, as a result, a certain critical modesty. Her judgments are not timid or evasive, but they never swagger. There are none of those great round puffy pronouncements that eventually float, like dirigibles, into publishers' ads. Secure in her novelist's fame, Virginia Woolf nonetheless applied to her critical pieces an "insect-like conscience and diligence," feeling even for these essays "the weight of every word" in her fingers.

At the end of her life, she was still planning to go through everything English from Chaucer to Lawrence, "like a string through cheese." And consistently, one of her last professional experiences had a classic humility. An Ellen Terry essay was turned down by *Harper's Bazaar* and tried out again, as any enduring hack would have tried it, on another magazine.

Bad reviews of her own work gave her insomnia; by morning she could recite them. But writing her own essays she felt nothing alien or unnatural about them. Her aesthetic premises were simple: the universe was stable; from it, individual minds took impressions. A novel was the artful ordering of one's own chaotic impressions; criticism was the comprehension of others' orderings. The impressions or "perspectives" of other writers, then, were more easily governed than one's own—or rather, governed in advance. They too were spontaneous and irrational but, like ideal children, docile as well. The mind might play over them at will, giving one perspective one day's delighted and devoted attention, another perspective another day's.

In the end, four volumes of these spurts of attention had accumulated, and with them a critical effect which is not entirely agreeable. Just the number of separate short subjects is disconcerting. They seem static now, like rows of little scent jars on a shelf. Their variety alone makes them rather Addison-and-Steele-ish, flitting and gratuitous. Monday, a 1,500-word visit with Oliver Goldsmith; Tuesday, Sara Coleridge; Wednesday, the Gothic romance. We miss what we are now accustomed to: turbulence, an illusion, no doubt, of the argument's desperate necessity and of the subject's resistance to exegesis. Virginia Woolf's subjects stand still, waiting in line to be brushed and combed and bundled out the front door to the *Times Literary Supplement.* One longs for some one of them to turn intractable, rude, enigmatic. James Joyce so misbehaved, and (as it seems, inevitably) incomprehension of him fell into terms of deportment: a writer who had lost his conventions, who was uncertain whether to eat with his fork or his fingers. The novelist felt for his supposed quandary, even shared it; the critic, on the whole, preferred to describe the now subdued solutions of the past. These were amenable to interpretation: they responded readily to sensitive appreciation. But all too readily. The very polish of the essays seems their undoing, the loss of the subjects' vital, if raw and angular, complexities. Virginia Woolf's diary now, angular itself, harsh and unhappy, contains for us the more valid criticism.

But then all this suavity can't be for nothing. It is true that the essays are not revolutionary—they will not found a Woolf school of criticism. They lack the presence which an original method takes on, standing implacably, even opaquely, between the reader and the text. They have instead a decorous transparency. Over the years, they seem to have become somewhat more flexible and idiomatic; but the editor, Leonard Woolf, has obscured even this slight development by arranging the essays, not by the time at which they were written but by the time at which the subjects lived. A dubious principle, like planning a menu (apples, beets, catfish, dogfish, etc.) by following the alphabet.

At any rate, Virginia Woolf was ulti-

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mately dissatisfied too, wanting some new way, something in the essay (as in the novel) "less stiff and formal" than before. But still the balances, the antitheses, the mellifluences prevailed. They seem now faintly archaic, too pretty. On the death of Gibbon:

> And as he sank into a sleep that was probably eternal, he could remember with satisfaction the view across the plain to the stupendous mountains beyond; the white acacia that grew beside the study window, and the great work which, he was not wrong in thinking, will immortalize his name.

Of course, one might say here that Gibbon is infectious, that these frozen ripples are caught from the subject. But there really is a problem of immediate eloquence throughout. Even figures of speech arrive too promptly: why, because Crabbe was the son of working people and took an interest in weeds, must *he* at once be called a weed? Clever, of course—also too soon, and too much like that English identification of corpses by class, rather than by sex or age or warts and moles. "One hesitates to call Jane Eyre a lady."

Still, all the world can't be Roundhead. The essays are often amusing, witty, apt, the delicate darts all on target. That range of thought in which the past shapes itself into comic and yet engaging emblems of life, is perfectly rendered: Laetitia Pilkington, for example, the rowdy little littératrice who knew Swift and too many less distinguished men, or Lady Dorothy Nevill, who was the first hostess in London to serve guinea pigs for lunch. (Efforts have, after all, been made with that cuisine.) It is not all indulgence, either. The strangeness of Lewis Carroll, "on the beach at Eastbourne, with little girls whose frocks he pinned up with safety pins," the absurdities of *Aurora Leigh,* the tedium of Arnold Bennett's urban villas, the hollowness ("all shell") of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* —unmistakably, someone has read with rigor as well as taste. And even when (as often) Virginia Woolf's generalizations are truisms, her particulars excuse them. Everyone knows that social relations shift, but the "homely illustration" is still news:

> The Victorian cook lived like a leviathan in the lower depths, formidable, silent, obscure, inscrutable; the Georgian cook is a creature of sunshine and fresh air; in and out of the drawing room, now to borrow the *Daily Herald,* now to ask advice about a hat.

Georgian cooks and Georgian critics are so rare now, it would be wrong to dismiss them.

Visions of Black Genocide

THE MAN WHO CRIED I AM. *By John A. Williams. Little, Brown & Co. 403 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
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Henry James told us to judge not the intention of a novel but its execution. We should grant the novelist "his idea, his *donneé,*" and measure how well he interrelates the parts of his work, for, James says in "The Art of Fiction:"

> A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism, and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of each of the other parts.

But I wonder what James might have made of John A. Williams' *The Man Who Cried I Am,* a novel which hangs together but founders on simplistic assumptions.

Williams has tried to write the big inside-black-America novel. He traces the high points (very high) in one black novelist's life, Max Reddick, and, along the way, gives the word on New York's literary power structure, black-white sex and political perversion in high (the highest) places; finally he reveals a Pentagon contingency plan to exterminate 20 million blacks! All of this rides on a level of melodrama far above the plausible. Nothing casual or trivial happens to anybody in Williams' world; we move from cancer to cannibalism, from sodomy to suicide, from masochism to murder. Apparently there are no hangnails in hell!

His style matches his reach in this *internally consistent novel. Sometimes* he manages a Fitzgerald-like stylistic shimmer, but more often he pushes too hard. Scenes are roughly sketched, in excessive imagery—"overhead shells flew, sounding like the taffeta skirt of a kootch dancer"—and monologues are prolonged by ponderous accusations against Mister Charlie (what "you" did to "me"). Dialogue is consistently implausible. Magrit, Max's Dutch wife, leaves both him and the U.S. with a piece of rhetorically balanced invective which must rank high among literary lines that were never said by anybody:

> "Enough of this crazy land," she hissed at herself in the mirror, "where everyone speaks in superlatives but exists in diminutives."

In keeping with his deadly "serious" concerns—white exploitation and black survival—Williams avoids any tone brushing humor. Once he almost slips into wit. Max, lonely in New York, says to himself: "Eight million people in the city and not one of them had thought to call." This may seem funny—that he is putting himself on—but when he adds, "Not a single one," we can see that Max is a creation incapable of self-irony.

Williams' characterizations are bold, without ambivalence, because he is interested only in characters to the extent that they demonstrate thematic propositions. This works well enough when his characters are involved in situations which stay within reasonable contexts, as when Harry Ames (Richard Wright) is nominated for, but denied, a literary prize, and members of the Jewish-liberal-publishing community rush to his defense both to ease their own consciences and insure financial pieces of a hot property.

But Williams' polemical concerns sometimes make him ignore the extent to which people *make* events, as when Reddick forgets about his own role and holds white society—which had dangled and denied middle-class respectability—solely responsible for the abortion and death of a girl he had impregnated and misled. She would not marry him unless he had a good job; he promised but couldn't get one that satisfied *him*; she resorted to abortion and accidentally died. Williams apparently feels that noting the degree of Max's guilt for her death would be quibbling, avoiding a larger truth—the way white values maim and destroy the best blacks. We could grant this contention and still complain that his insistence on it as the only truth in this situation is nonsense.

Plot, style and characterization fuse in an embodiment of big (the biggest) ideas. On the evil of man—"Ah, the world got what it deserved." On American lusts—"Americans made their cars like women." On Stevenson's losses to Eisenhower—"Intelligence is the enemy of the American people." On black-white love—"It was one thing to sleep with white women, but quite another to marry them." It may be valid to sacrifice technique for theme if you have something to say, but nothing should be given up for such roasted chestnuts.

The biggest idea in the novel, the one from which all else hangs, is not, like those above, part of the routine, contemporary, middle-brow liturgy; Williams' central theme is, in this context, strikingly original and utterly simplistic. White society is so bigoted and self-protective that it evolves "King Alfred," a plan to exterminate its Negroes. Wil-

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liams' conspiracy theory posits an interlocking directorate in the white establishment to put off and, if necessary, wipe out unruly blacks.

Of course anything is possible. God knows *what* contingencies are planned for in the Pentagon! But it is an unlikely possibility that deflects attention from the ways power and prejudice actually work. Inevitable black genocide is a risky thing to base your whole vision upon. It is, too, based upon a questionable view of history as cyclical—what happened to Jews and Gypsies in the forties will happen to Negroes in the sixties. This theme does serve, however, to motivate an ending which is as explosive and thin as that in any James Bond film. It also helps to justify the simplifications and exaggerations of his fictional elements. Each part contributes to the whole. Excessive style supports extravagant theme which, in turn, simplifies characterizations and plot. It is "all one and continuous," but not, I think, "a living thing."

James said, in the same essay: "The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life." Williams attempts a just and painful representation of "life," but fails because he takes a valid perception—white savagery to blacks—and rides his *idée fixe* into the ground. It is true, as his novel demonstrates, that white power is a murderous, cold power, but Williams might reread his Baldwin and Bellow to see how limiting prejudice is as a controlling vision. In "Equal in Paris" Baldwin discovered himself beyond racial persecution but still subject to the deepest kind of human antagonism. And Augie March realized, when kids beat him up and called him "Christ-killer," that had he not been Jewish they would have found some other reason.

Baldwin and Bellow show an understanding of "life" that is more various and penetrating, perhaps even more damning, than Williams' black, bleak novel.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

Exit the King (a literal translation of the French title would be *The King Dies*) is for me the APA's most satisfying production: it is in fact a good production (at the Lyceum).

There have been more ambitious APA productions (*War and Peace, Pantagleize*); some have been more immediately engaging (*You Can't Take It With You*); some have been somewhat more evenly cast (*The Show Off*); but Ionesco's *Exit the King* seems to me its most complete realization of a dramatist's intention and scenic idea. Ellis Rabb as director has understood the play thoroughly and has found the right means to project it concretely.

The APA production is superior to the one I saw in Paris, though Jacques Mauclair who played the King there and directed it conveyed a childlike pathos that was most affecting. I saw the play again in Warsaw where the director, an intellectual who had a literary understanding of the Theatre of the Absurd, did not know how to direct. In London, with Alec Guinness playing the King in a production staged by the admirable George Devine who did so well with *The Chairs*, the heavy-handed performance conveyed very little. Guinness seemed more concerned with his own characterization than with the play's essence.

Exit the King is Ionesco's most sympathetic work. *The Lesson* and *The Chairs* are perhaps more original, in the sense that they bear the unmistakable stamp of the author's personality. *Rhinoceros* is more acceptable to a wide public—more "entertaining"—but *Exit the King* is the most integral expression of the playwright's inner being. It is also the closest to our own usually unavowed trepidation.

Ionesco has an ineradicable preoccupation with death. Unlike the Spaniards, it haunts him, not as something majestically awful but almost as a child trembles at the unknown dark. His fear is more akin to a universal bewilderment than to the perception of death so commonly transcribed in literature as something ominous, mournfully, heroically tragic, or just crushing. Americans usually evade or gloss over the subject altogether.

The treatment is extremely simple. The King who is dying in this relatively short play is Berenger, the name Ionesco gives to most of his little men, the nonhero. He is not Everyman but Anyman. He exists only for himself; he is central to everything he beholds. In a wonderful passage he is told that he "invented gunpowder and stole fire from the gods. . . . He discovered the way to make steel . . . he made the first balloon, and the zeppelin. . . . He built Rome, New York, Moscow and Geneva. He *founded* Paris. He created revolutions, counterrevolutions, religion, reform and counterreform. . . ." To which the King's maid observes, "You wouldn't think it to look at him."

How does His Majesty react when finally convinced that he is going to die, as the Queen remarks, "at the end of the play"? He cries out: "Why was I born if it wasn't forever? . . . I came into the world five months ago. I got married three months ago." He didn't learn or accomplish what he should have: "I never had the time, I never had the time." He is outraged, inconsolable, amazed and utterly at a loss to conceive of the mystery and meaning of his existence.

The play is a beautifully written dramatic poem. Funny, unrealistic and altogether real. Is it therefore a tragedy or yet another black comedy? The paradox and *charm* of the play are that out of his despair, and perhaps to his astonishment, Ionesco has written a hymn of praise to every instant, event and ordinary phenomenon of life. In a delicious exchange, the King bids the rather downtrodden housemaid to describe her daily routine. The details are drab, but he finds rapture and excitement in each of them. The girl concludes, "a bad life, Sire," to which he replies, "Life can never be bad. It is a contradiction in terms." We must learn to appreciate everything—even to the color of a carrot. In brief, a frightening and lovely play, an inspiration.

Richard Easton is excellent as the King: foolish, terrified, his eyes full of startled incomprehension. He moves from an absurd effort at pride and grandeur to the puling impotence of a sickly baby and again to the recovery of strength

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in the contemplation of the glory he seems to have missed.

Eva Le Gallienne, the Queen, is all hard reason and an oracle of disaster. The actress' velvet voice and ever-present aspiration to nobility take on tones of tartness and severe irony I have never heard from her before. Pamela Payton-Wright brings plainness, not without humor and buried enticement, to the role of the court chambermaid.

The point to be made clear about the production is not the total success of any of its constituent elements but the soundness in the conception and execution of the whole. This includes Rouben Ter-Arutunian's setting in electrically silvered cellophane which contributes to an atmosphere of lightness within a realm of shades. The "picture" has the bare look of an expiring world where creatures once men have turned into wraiths.

Exit the King may not find as much favor as have other APA productions this season: its theme and form may encounter resistance. But the intelligent playgoer must not fail to see it.

Charles Dyer's *Staircase* (Biltmore Theatre) can be set down as a clever play. There is some question, however, whether its cleverness is commendable.

It is a domestic comedy. The fact that its locale is a suburban London barbershop and that the husband and wife are two males does not alter the character of the entertainment, though it makes a difference in its complexion.

The play is largely given over to bickering, needling and finally to a little smooching and cuddling between the couple. There is very little incident. The dramatic thread—if it can be called that—is the possibility that the "husband" (the predominantly aggressive one of the pair) has been summoned to court for having appeared in drag at a dive and having sat on a young man's lap for a moment. The accused's alibi is that he was only doing a bit of his old pantomime act. He was once a variety hall performer and also claims to have played Shakespeare. He has even retained his Equity card, though he has long since had no employment other than as the second barber in his consort's establishment. We never learn the verdict on his case.

What justifies calling the play "clever" is the fast and funny dialogue. The humor is low camp bitchy. It did not make me laugh much, but the audience at the final preview found most of it uproarious. Still the writing *is* fluent and bounces with a certain stage agility. It provokes delight in those who relish a lather of the ill-concealed hostility that is abundant in the present-day public. It takes the form here of a parody on the mischievous volubility of certain queens. And the conceit of the eternal ham is always a sure source of jokes.

Another aspect of the play's cleverness is the introduction of pathos and, remotely, of social significance. For the cruelty of the situation—the articulate and mercurial "husband" constantly ridicules his mate—is softened by the realization that these two unfortunate blokes are lonely. Their shop is the opposite of fashionable. They depend on each other, need each other desperately, just as any isolated and ostracized couple may do. The further thought which might occur to the "better audience" that may see the play (as it did in London where the play was presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company with Paul Scofield) is that even the least glamorous homosexuals are as worthy of compassion as you and I. Their peculiarity does not make them any less than human, and are we not all a sorry lot! But this is only a dodge and the fun the play offers is on the superficial and somewhat hypocritical level which I have indicated.

The direction by Barry Morse and the acting are on the whole very good. Milo O'Shea (the Bloom of the filmed *Ulysses*), through the simplicity, effortlessness and lack of gimmicky alloy in his performance, makes us sense the gentler man's forlornness, mingled as it is with unforced humor and warmth of feeling. O'Shea raises the play above its obvious tonality. Eli Wallach, on whom the text places the greater burden, works hard carrying it. He must undertake the posturing of the spoiled and spiteful Thespian, as well as the symptomatic mannerisms of the flagrant queen. His is an altogether efficient and ingratiating job which is at its best when the script permits him to display either funk or fondness.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

The Scandinavians are greatly preoccupied with sex, but they can't seem to get the hang of it. Indeed, it appears to addle their wits, just as the old tracts for boys warned us it would. If their films can be taken as evidence, the Swedes and the Danes in particular are so stimulated by their celebrated "new freedom" in genital matters that they are in a state of perpetual rut, frustrated by the very availability they have established, and laboriously seeking new embellishments to a game whose moves are finite and long since thoroughly explored. And the worst of it is that they approach the delights with no glint of humor, seeming like mourners in gluttony.

The most recent example is *Venom*, from the Danish director Knud Leif Thomsen. The *deus ex averno* of this item is a young sexual racketeer who subjects a bourgeois family to a kindergarten repertory of nihilistic frightfulness that stuns them into the compliance of Pavlov's dogs. Anyone can do the devil's work if his victims persist in throwing him fat pitches—I have not seen anything like this since McCullough used to sit in a stage box and feed lines to Bobby Clark. The wicked fellow enthralls the daughter of the house with a small assortment of clichés as to the perversity of chastity, leaps upon her, and photographs her transports with a hand-held camera (a feat of dexterity that was not entirely explained). Her parents quite see that the chap is unsuitable, but cannot scotch his game because they are themselves tormented by the itch of honeymoon nostalgia.

All this is plausible in a way—a great many adults are sexually retarded and a great many parents have little success in regulating the conduct of their daughters. But plots that depend on nobody taking a sensible step make me impatient. The step may not work, but in the interest of dramatic responsibility it should at least be tried. In the end, the father does throw the youth bodily out of the house, and his photographic paraphernalia after him. This, I believe, was intended to indicate moral defeat, but it occurred to me that if it had been done earlier we could all have gone home sooner.

The direction of *Venom* is pedestrian, plodding along from point to point with the prolixity of slick-magazine romance. The playbacks of the young man's blue cinema documentary of himself and friends at sports have been deleted with a broad X which eliminates everything but an occasional arm and torso. This permits the audience to conjure up exploits that Mr. Thomsen could not possibly have shown and might have found inconvenient to film. Even so, the picture dwells on crotch shots, exposed breasts and amatory wrestling to a degree that justifies the exhibitor in posting an "adults only" notice and enjoying a profitable run.

Further south on the Continent people seem to be on better terms with sex. They are by no means indifferent to it, but treat it as a comparatively old and familiar phenomenon and do not become asthmatic at the suggestion that its presence is about to be felt. Thus an

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Italian director new to the American screen, Marco Bellocchio, offers in *China Is Near* a picture that uses sex lavishly, and wittily, to demonstrate how people get the better of one another in this adequately wicked world. Mr. Bellocchio's business is social satire on a theme that has preoccupied the Latins from the start: that the arrogantly rich and powerful are creatures of lust and illusion who will inevitably be toppled by their equally lustful but much more realistic servants. The rich in this case are a brother and sister in their middle years, he a bungling candidate for Socialist office, she a woman of powerful will and appetites, who will bed with almost any man but thinks no man good enough to marry. The servants, themselves lovers, are aide and secretary to the candidate. A younger brother of the family is a junior functionary of the Church and a Maoist radical, whose exploits give a sardonic counterpoint to the film and supply its title.

The pairings and pregnancies of *China Is Near* are too complex for convenient summary, and though the frame is familiar enough, the spectator should not be deprived of his own encounter with Mr. Bellocchio's interplay. What I want to praise are the methods and standards of the film. The director's attitude toward narrative is one of quick-minded impatience. He never carries a scene beyond the point where its outcome has become obvious, and the following scene almost invariably picks up a few steps beyond the situation toward which the previous one was clearly heading. It takes a few minutes to catch on to this technique, but the motive is not quirky self-indulgence — the ellipses give the film a wonderfully light and rapid pace, in elegant harmony with the worldly amorality of the proceedings. Then too, the director gets splendidly informative, though quietly stated, performances from his cast, particularly Glauco Mauri and Elda Tattoli as brother and sister, and Paolo Graziosi and Daniela Surina as the proletariat climbing the ladder of sex. They are people, not types, yet what they represent and where they fit in projects vividly even to an audience unfamiliar with the conventions of Italian politics and the manners of Italian society. The upper class is hard, their inferiors are tough; the strife between them is formidable, engrossing and repeatedly hilarious. The photography of the film is masterful; it never calls attention to itself with contrived shots or obtrusive effects, but its cameras gather visual details and allusions with an efficient energy that seems to absorb you into the milieu. I got the "feel" of the place with a rapidity and sureness that gave me the stimulating sensation of being brighter than usual.

China Is Near appeals to its viewer's wits, humor and experience with a relaxed assumption that it will not appeal in vain. It is devoid of illusions about human behavior, but, unlike *Venom*, not without respect for human individuality or pleasure in the human comedy. It names its spades without bluster or leering. It is a picture for adults, all right, but no one demeans himself by saying so.

RECORDS

BENJAMIN BORETZ

DVORAK: Symphonies 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9 with overtures: *Hussite, Amid Nature, My Home, Carnival, Othello.* London Symphony Orchestra: Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CS 6523, CS 6524, CS 6525, CS 6526, CS 6511, CS 6495, CS 6527.

This collection is of far more than historical or repertorially novel interest and value. The abundant compositional intelligence and craft revealed from the very first of Dvorak's symphonies, and their progressive development toward individuality and mastery in terms of essentially traditional resources, demonstrate a true musical professionalism that has always projected a remarkable kind of musical experience, a kind that is a special dimension in the work of Tchaikowsky, Ravel, Debussy and even Stravinsky. And at a time of intensive journalistic support for compositional amateurism and vacuity, the purity with which music like Dvorak's generates the sense that musical "content" arises uniquely from the shaping of individual musical events into significant musical relations has particular instructive force.

Thus one finds in Dvorak's very first symphony a strong association with Beethoven via Mendelssohn, through which nevertheless is revealed some surprisingly original ideas and a remarkable awareness of the critical compositional dimensions. In fact, surface "radicalism" is perhaps more evident in that symphony than in any of the later works, from the special ensemble continuities of the second movement (particularly the way sounds of quite different sonorous appearance emerge from within one another), the rather far-reaching contrasts articulated out of continuous unfolding in the third movement, and the strikingly dissonant abrasions of cross-reference, of an almost Verklaerte-Nacht-like quality, near the very end. And despite evident trouble in controlling transitions and in producing development without overrepetition and overelaboration, the Second Symphony is even more impressive for its handling of a highly "advanced" vocabulary with consummate security and for its boldness in creating continuity. Here, the second movement is particularly interesting for the originality of the sonorities that emerge in the course of elaboration, most notably the writing for solo piccolo and the transparent wind-ensemble passages.

The Third and Fourth Symphonies demonstrate a new awareness of the expanded possibilities for cogency and internal complexity within an externally more limited framework; and the Fifth and Sixth arrive at full maturity with their realization of the possibilities of tonal structure on a total, intermovemental scale, along with a virtuosity in the invention and intercombination of sonority and texture that approach Dvorak's probably most completely realized work, the Eighth Symphony.

Throughout, the London Symphony's execution is exemplary, often quite brilliant; and Kertesz's preparation and understanding seen consistently competent. For the Ninth Symphony, Klemperer's performance is rather more special in its sonorous and connective aspects; and here, too, Kertesz's tempo relations are not as precise as elsewhere.

Of the overtures, the *Othello* is a much more deeply developed work than the others, but their multiple inclusion is a worthwhile adjunct to an altogether superior addition to the recorded 19th-century literature.

STRAVINSKY: *Jeu de Cartes.* Symphony in C. *Orpheus.* Symphony in Three Movements. London Symphony; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 900113 and 900153.

Les Noces and other vocal instrumental works. Pierre Boulez, cond. Nonesuch 71133.

Pulcinella. Soloists, Orchestre de la Suisse romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. London 25978.

The need for young conductors who conduct Stravinsky in the Stravinsky tradition is as obvious as are the dilemmas they must initially face in presenting their performances contemporaneously with Stravinsky's own—which, despite every possible cavil as to conductorial or executive deficiencies, remain definitive. The present recordings of works from the heart of the "classical" Stravinsky literature by Colin Davis should, it seems to me, be considered primarily in terms of their implications and promise in this respect, and spared the invidious comparisons that unavoidably arise. However, such comparisons are important to record purchasers interested only in a superior representation of a particular composition. Thus, I still

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believe Philips is performing an important service in allowing Mr. Davis this exposure. This seems particularly so because Davis, after a catastrophic beginning with a monstrously distended recording of *Oedipus Rex,* now appears as, possibly, an English conductor in the Adrian Boult tradition of responsible professionalism. In general, these recordings reveal rather careful study and duplication of Stravinsky's own ideas of the pieces, with the difference in every case being that Davis tends to produce his coherences in terms of the extrusion of external "shape" and "impulsion" rather than from the uniquely particular qualities generated from the interior in Stravinsky's own performances. The achievement of clarity through sluggishness noticeable in the earlier of the two recordings (Symphony in C and *Jeu de Cartes)* is remarkably rectified in the Symphony in Three Movements and *Orpheus.* The London Symphony, again, demonstrates superior ensemble and solo virtuosity, particularly in complex passages such as the figurational counterpoint of the second movement of the Symphony in C, the first movement of the Symphony in Three Movements, and the many treacheries, hidden and evident, of *Orpheus.*

Pierre Boulez's performance of *Les Noces* is, on more significant grounds, still more problematic. For while harmonic articulation is not an evident concern of Boulez, the transparency of texture and precision of duration he achieves are unmatched in any previous recording, to the extent that many previously lost details (solo voices counterpointing against sustained ensemble voices, for example) are now brilliantly lucid. Yet the result of this kind of precision is, in the absence of the other, accentual nondifferentiation, so that Stravinsky's long-spanned rhythmic profiles never emerge from the multitude of single durations. Thus, though more of *Les Noces* may be audible in this performance, it may not be coherently enough audible to warrant recommendation of the recording to the inexpert listener.

At the other extreme, Ernest Ansermet's performance of *Pulcinella* is inaccurate at best, quite incoherent at worst, and featureless throughout. The orchestra has rough going, stumbling over or stepping on most of Stravinsky's deft accents, but the singers, despite all discouragement, manage a respectable representation of their parts.

TELEMANN: *St. Matthew Passion.* Theo Altmeyer, Horst Günter, Sena Jurinac, Franz Crass, soloists; Lucerne Festival Choir, Swiss Festival Orchestra; Kurt Redel, cond. Philips PHS 2-994.

Telemann's Passion is so one-dimensional and translucent next to the multi-leveled obliquities of the Bach Passions that, perhaps because they are projected through essentially the same syntactical framework, it is difficult to avoid an a priori imputation of triviality to what is really skillful, intelligent and articulate music. Yet this very competence makes one all the more forcibly aware of the limitations: the single metricality and pitch non-density of the chorales; the rather unvarying repertory of techniques, whose application never seems "particular" to the moment, but simply "available" or "characteristic," and the resultant non-emergence of any new techniques to cope with special situations; and, most obvious of all, the almost completely metrical prosody, for which the fantastic ellipses of Bach that constantly extend long lines against the immediate fluctuations of local articulation seems a lost, or perhaps never noticed, art. The performance is as prettily sung, played and recorded as the work is composed.

BERG: *Wozzeck.* Walter Berry, Isabel Strauss, Fritz Uhl, Carl Doench, vocal soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris National Opera; Pierre Boulez, cond. C.B.S. 32 21 0002.

As a whole, this performance approaches an accurate representation of the textual and compositional content of *Wozzeck,* an accomplishment quite beyond the scope of either of the previous recordings. The old Mitropoulos recording was almost tragic in its executive inadequacies, through which some idea of the music struggled to emerge, while Böhm's recent DGG performance was fluent enough to suggest the absence of an awareness that an idea of any sort ought to emerge. Boulez's performance achieves its unique position primarily by its recognition and projection of the special timbral-figurational-rhythmic complexes that are the remarkable "characterizations" in the work's extraordinary music-dramatic structure, in the clarity of "voices," instrumental and human, in the texture (thus avoiding the fatal "merging" that homogenizes Böhm's performance into conventional Germanism, and overwhelms Mitropoulos' into incoherence), and—perhaps most striking—in the accuracy of dynamic detail. But the singing is ordinary: Mack Harrall's Wozzeck and Frederick Jagel's Captain (in the Mitropoulos recording) remain unapproached. The orchestral playing, in both sonority and ensemble, is rather undistinguished—a respect in which the Böhm recording remains superior. However, as a controlled and intelligible performance of a universally acknowledged 20th-century classic, this recording fills an obvious gap in the recorded literature. The fact that it could do so at this late date is astonishing.

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